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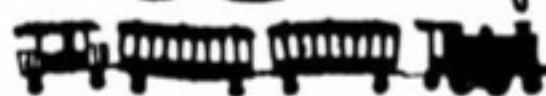
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Pratap Rughani takes you on a package trip to Egypt – a tourist Mecca. Before too long he's straying off the beaten track and discovering what's gone wrong with the tourist trade – as well as a few of the things we can do to put it right.

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The visitor is promised a land of dreams. Kaleo Patterson explains how native Hawaiians have been displaced and their land desecrated.

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That's the message usually sent out to independent travellers. Julie Wheelwright investigates how women travelling can make a difference.

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FRONT COVER DESIGN: ALAN HUGHES. PHOTOGRAPH OF TOURISTS ARRIVING IN HAWAII HUTCHISON LIBRARY

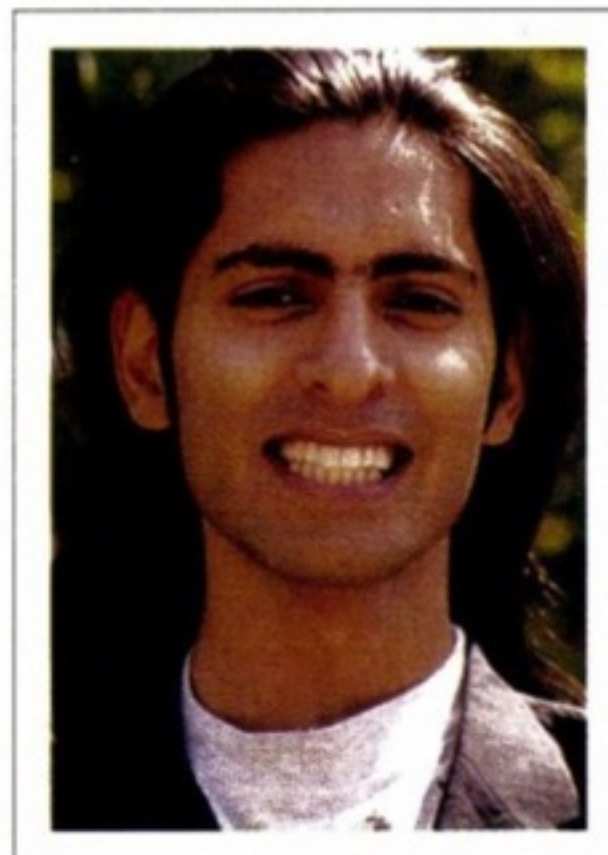
THIS MONTH'S THEME

Tourism

FROM THIS MONTH'S EDITOR

STARING through dozens of tourist brochures I began to feel nauseous. The more I looked the less I seemed to see. Like most TV news coverage of the Third World I was being offered images of the South that process 80 per cent of the world's population into a quick cliché. The transformation is the opposite of 'famine pornography' – this time it's fantasy-island escape. There are endless brown and black people smiling and saying, 'I want to be your friend'. Perhaps it's the flip-side of the same coin. It became harder to link my experiences of working and travelling in the South with what was in front of me.

Travel today is a commodity supporting a vast industry. Considering the scope and economic importance of tourism there's remarkably little analysis. Meanwhile the brochures breed.



I became convinced that we should explore the effects of the tourist trade in the format of a tourist brochure. By deploying some of the industry's marketing techniques, while hearing the voices of communities affected by tourism, we aim to strengthen our message.

NI designer Alan Hughes emphasized this when we were planning the magazine. 'Design is at the heart of tourist brochures,' he said. 'The words take second place to the look; imagery reigns supreme. You can see the dream that you're being sold.' By adopting this style we can see through it more clearly and allow the industry to deconstruct itself.

I started with the idea of a spoof brochure but we didn't need to invent a caricature. Many of the headlines you read are taken from mass-produced tourist brochures. They offered their ideologies more nakedly than if we'd tried to send them up ourselves.

The gap opening up between this fantasy land and tourism's real impact made me feel that brochures are in some sense obscene – 'if not vomitorial' as second editor David Ransom put it.

If we can discard these manufactured dreams we're more likely to be able to change the tourism industry from below. Travel is a strong human urge. For me it's about hope. It's the prospect of cross-cultural communication; an exploration of self and other.

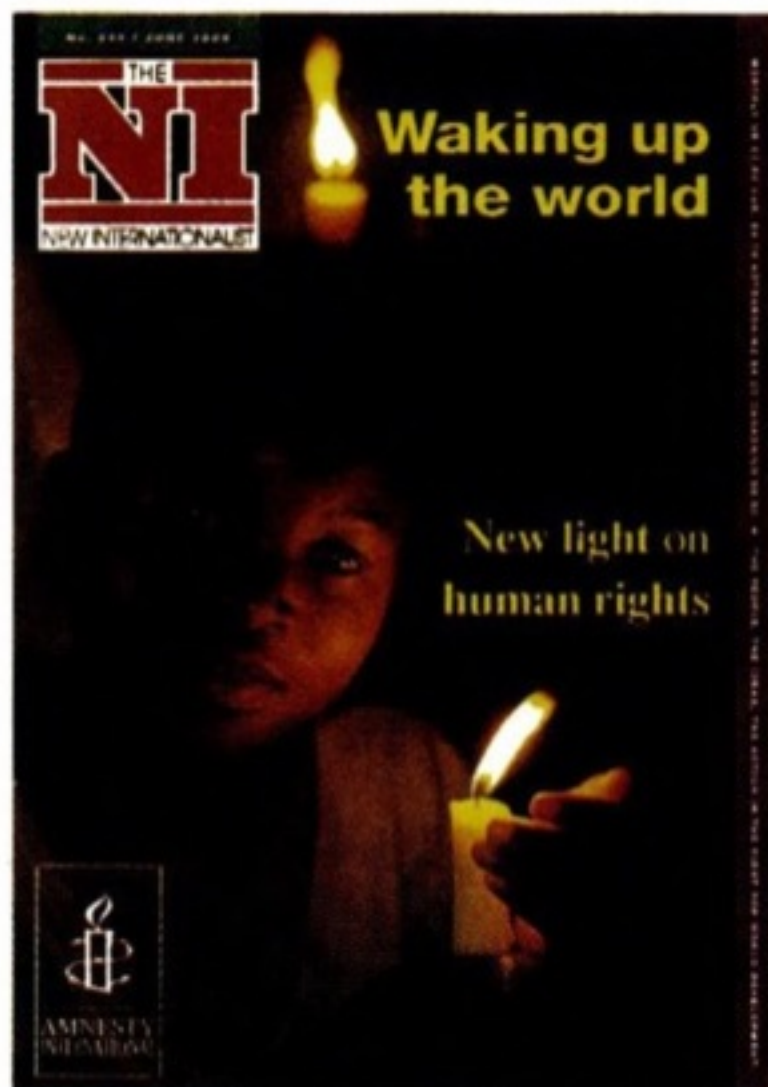
'You're not going to spoil my holidays as well?' one NI subscriber said. Well, I hope not. The industry has already skewed much of the potential for worthwhile tourism. This magazine is about recovering the travel we want with journeys worth taking.

Pratap Rughani

Pratap Rughani.
for the New Internationalist Co-operative

Whingeing wind

'The Vienna Conference represents a great opportunity to wake up the world.' 'Keynote', (*Waking Up the World* NI 244). Oh sure. If you don't know what's going to happen



at the World Conference on Human Rights then I'll tell you now. There will be a great deal of common sense talked (by Amnesty, among others) – but at the alternative conference which precedes the main event. The Summit itself will be full of posturing and whingeing but will produce not a single concrete result. And we'll all feel even more depressed about the potential for change than we felt before. You can be forgiven for wanting to sound more positive but I shall reserve my own human right to remain cynical.

P Coulson
Paris, France

World Vision

I was more than a little surprised to see Peter Scott's letter (*Debt* NI 243) extolling World Vision's work in Cambodia. Maybe if World Vision had not allied themselves to the US Government's subversive and destabilizing actions in Cambodia during the Vietnam War, but instead had spoken out against them, massive humanitarian aid would not be needed there now.

In his book, *The New Radical*, Jim Wallis describes how he heard Stanley Mooneyham, president of World Vision, speak of: 'My good friend Lon Nol...leading his people in their heroic fight



The **New Internationalist** welcomes your letters. But please keep them short. They may be edited for purposes of space or clarity. Include a home telephone number if possible and send your letters to the nearest editorial office. The address is inside the front cover.

against communism.' Jim Wallis then describes Lon Nol as the corrupt military dictator installed in Cambodia after the CIA-aided coup over-threw the legitimate government of Prince Sihanouk.

Hilda M Buckley
Middlesex, UK

Sadat not Nasser

No doubt your mail bag is full this month from people as disappointed as me to read so gross an error in your 'Country Profile' on Egypt (*Debt* NI 243).

It was Anwar Sadat who was assassinated by Islamic fundamentalists after his treacherous sell-out to the US and Israel. Nasser died of 'natural causes' in 1977 and was mourned by millions.

Thea Khamis
Durham, UK

Green intuition

Lloyd Smith ('Letters' *Cambodia* NI 242) is right to debunk the claims and hopes of uncritical enthusiasts for re-

cycling. Recycling projects have to be considered strictly on their specific merits. To turn rubbish into something useful costs energy and the result may not be a net environmental gain. Only hard science can tell you whether it's worth it or not. 'Green intuition', however sincerely felt, is not a dependable guide.

Eric Stockton
Orkney, Scotland, UK

No fair comment

Warm congratulations are in order for the Cambodia issue (NI 242). The articles by John Pilger, Joan Healy and Ben Kiernan were informed, lively, lucid and thought-provoking. Not only was the writing of a high standard but the presentation of the magazine and the imaginative use of colour photographs make this, in my opinion, the best issue to date.

Chantou Boua's criticism of the UN appears in this case to be unsubstantiated; the sending of 21,000 UN officials and soldiers does not necessarily lead

Girl Guides

We were disappointed to see no mention of the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts (WAGGGS) in the *Action* section of your issue on *Girls* (NI 240).

For your information, WAGGGS is an educational organization for girls and young women, consisting of 118 national organizations and with a membership of eight million.

One of our major aims is to provide girls and young women with opportunities for self-training, responsible citizenship and service in their own and world communities. Through community, literacy, environment and health projects we also tackle many issues directly related to the status of girls and women.

Barbara Mathieson
Girl Guides Association
London, UK



to a plague of AIDS. 'Peace in exchange for AIDS' is not fair comment.

Andrew Mallinson
Dubai

A disarming plea

Your issue on Cambodia (NI 242) scared me. Can we go on re-arming one side to protect itself against a more heavily armed force? Surely there must come a time when an international institution disarms the planet? A campaigning issue might get the ball rolling, but please do not promote a re-arming exercise as you did in this issue.

Walter Phipps
Cumbria, UK

A good life

With Third World incomes how can Kerala (NI 241) provide First World life-quality? As the ideological managers of 200 years of economic growth, both Marxists and Keynesians are confounded.

Our Western experience of resource plenty has entered our thought-system, our language. Efficiency is defined as performance 'within a minimum expenditure of time and effort'. In a future world, people-plenty and resource-short, the Kerala example will necessarily dominate as it allows for a good life with a minimum expenditure of the earth's resources. The next NI on Kerala should ask: 'Does Kerala provide us with lessons for human survival?' The answer will be 'Yes'. Can any other culture do as well in the twenty-first century? Show me.

William Alexander
Earthwatch, San Luis Obispo, US

Realism and idealism

In the 'Updates' section of the Kerala issue (NI 241), you published an extract of the editorial from *The Nation*, highly critical of the US intervention in Somalia. I assume the NI supports this view.

The NI is a very idealistic magazine, but the world is not ideal. There is no obligation for richer nations to help poorer. There is only political pressure to make governments act in accordance with the con-

sciences of the electorate. The US had no obligation to go to the aid of the Somali people. But given the complete breakdown of law and order and the widespread use of weapons, the US was determined to do two things to make a successful humanitarian mission and to ensure the safety of US troops. Would the NI rather have no intervention or failure of the mission? Idealism has to be coupled with realism if the NI is to maintain its credibility.

AJ Heath
Lusaka, Zambia

Credit to Cuba

During three months' voluntary work in Cuba, I found many similarities with Vanessa Baird's impressions of Kerala (NI 241), with several important exceptions; Cuba has very little unemployment, no sectarian violence and no problems with 'economic ladder climbing'.

Isn't it about time that the heroic struggle of the Cuban people against US imperialism was given some recognition by your magazine?

Paul Hanson
North Humberside, UK

Nameless girl

The picture on the cover of *Girls* (NI 240) is beautiful, priceless. It's worth a million – not 1,000 – words. So why not tell us her name? Please tell us the little girl's story.

Lloyd Wagner
Kelvington, Canada

Editor: We have contacted Magnum, the agency who supplied Steve McCurry's photograph, but they were unable to tell us any more about the girl, apart from the fact that her picture was taken in 1985 in an Afghan refugee camp on the Pakistan border.

NI on tape

I'm very grateful to have your cassettes. Thank you for putting the NI on tape. Thank you too for describing the photographs. I am able to see the big ones but I can't see the detail, and your description was very helpful.

Leonetta Mason
Plymouth, UK

The views expressed on the letters page are not necessarily those of the NI.

LETTER from LAHORE

Sperm on the market

Maria del Nevo reports on the frustration of being a working mother in Pakistan – even in a progressive household.

NUSRAT and I were sitting on her bed with her two-month-old baby daughter, Umrao, who lay between us. Nusrat's husband, Imtiaz, lounged in a chair across the room. It was early evening.

'I've been sitting on this bed for two months without a break, attending to my child,' Nusrat said. 'This little baby needs my constant attention.' She looked up then at her husband, who was gazing out of the window. 'And what's his role?' she asked vehemently. 'His sperm only!' Umrao began to cry. 'I wish,' said Nusrat as she took the baby to her breast, 'that I had got the sperm from the market. At least I could then say that the baby was all mine.'

Imtiaz chuckled. And so did I, simply out of pleasure at listening to such frankness, something which is quite rare between husband and wife in Pakistani society, especially in company. Such talk was in fact one of the things which had drawn me so often to Nusrat's home, a place where I felt anything could be discussed without reservation. They had known each other for many years. Imtiaz, the former leader of the Pakistan Communist Party, had been jailed for six years during President Zia's martial law, and he had turned to Nusrat, a psychiatrist, for treatment. A friendship developed. Non-practising Muslims, they were always known as a couple with strong progressive ideas, ideas which they tried to put into practice by not succumbing to social or family pressures.

Eventually, in their late thirties, they married, and a year later Umrao was born. Although parenthood came as a real joy, as professionals they were also finding it difficult to adjust. Both have demanding jobs, and their work has always come first. Nusrat is about to finish her two-month maternity leave from the Lahore Mental Hospital. Ever since she gave birth she has worried about her patients. In addition there is the *Hamara Ghar* (Our Home), a half-way house for destitute women who have been mentally ill, set up by Nusrat and which she helps run with a group of psychiatrists and social workers.

'I can't survive without my work,' she said. 'But what to do with this child? It's so difficult to find help. I'll probably have to leave her with my mother during the day, but she's elderly and

it'll be difficult.' I asked her about *Hamara Ghar*, where she used to spend several hours in the evenings. 'I visited the other day,' she said. 'The women there need me. They need me like this baby. But when I came back Imtiaz shouted at me. He said: "Do you want to kill my child?" And I was only gone for two hours!'

'Okay! Okay!', said Imtiaz with a demonstrative wave of the hand. 'I swear on my daughter's head that I will give her her mother's name. Satisfied?'

'In Pakistan,' Nusrat said, turning to me, 'working women get no help when they have a child. We just get maternity leave. In China they have crèches. Here there is no concept of such a facility. Why? Because it is not considered important. Professional women are simply not valued.'

Hospitals, Nusrat told me, regard women doctors as a waste of time. Because once they become mothers they will have to give up their work completely. And those few doctors who do manage to keep their jobs are forced to put their babies on formula milk.

'This is why we need the support of our husbands,' she said. 'Besides practical help we need their emotional support. They have a good rôle to play. But they do nothing.'

Imtiaz had heard enough. 'No woman can be happy even if you try to fulfill all feminist demands,' he stated with another wave of the hand. 'Why? Because she wants to play the male rôle. She aspires to be a male. If she was married to a real patriarchal, feudal man, then she would realize!'

'He has only exposed himself,' Nusrat said condescendingly. 'Men are all alike. In Pakistan we have a saying *baccha mera khoon hai* (a child is my blood).' I asked her what this meant. 'Pakistani men,' explained Nusrat, 'often don't have a good relationship with their wives. But they develop a good relationship with their children because, they say, those children are 'of their blood', whereas their wives are not. So you see,' she concluded, 'men are all alike. Whether they are liberal or not.'

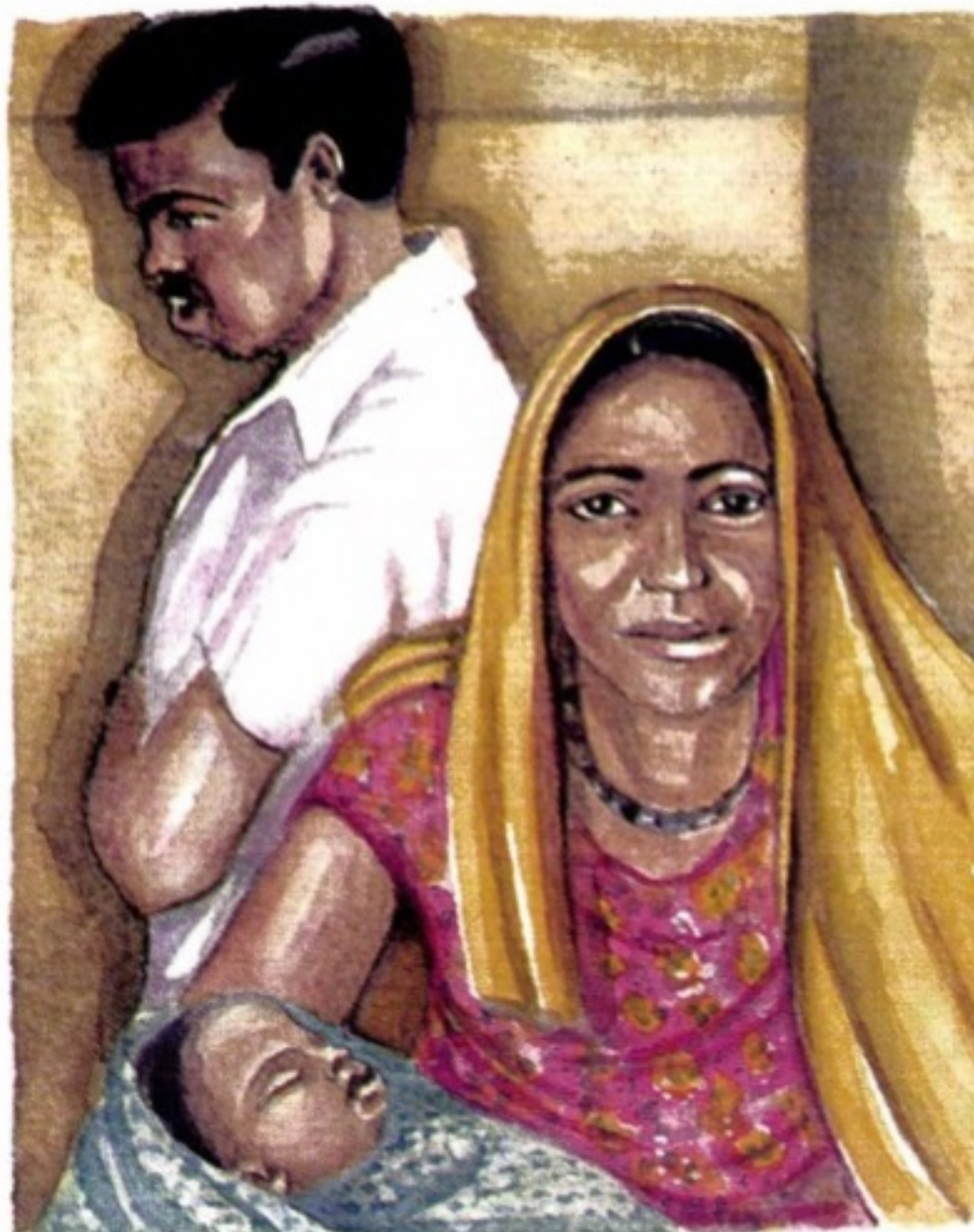


ILLUSTRATION: MIRIAM MCCURDY

Maria del Nevo is a former NI staff member who now lives and works in Lahore

INDIA



SHAHIDUL ALAM

Women working with textiles in Bangladesh have financial and social status, but factories are replacing the practice of craft at home.

Tough terms

Textile workers lose out

PENDING the outcome of the current GATT world trade negotiations, European Economic Community ministers are phasing out barriers to exports from Eastern Europe but extending the life of the Multifibre Arrangement (MFA) which restricts exports from Third World textile producers.

Trade barriers on clothes and textiles cost poor countries almost \$50 billion per year – as much as all Western aid put together. The US's current ban on products made by child labour in the Third World has thrown thousands of children out of work and into even greater poverty. When Britain and France used the MFA to impose quotas on Bangladeshi garments in 1985, 100,000 workers lost their jobs.

'No-one is condoning child labour,' stresses Farida Akhter, a director of Policy Research for Development Alternatives in Bangladesh. 'But these children are now stranded on the streets, starving or selling their bodies. What good has (the US's ban) done them?'

Exploitation is rife in the garment factories. Shima Das Shimu, who runs a workers' rights centre in Dhaka, describes an average day in a Bangladeshi garments factory:

'An eight-o'clock start means 7.59 or have your job terminated. Loud music begins immediately to prevent anyone talking. The boss gives you a deliberately unrealistic target, maybe 1,200 collars, for the day. Since you will fail to meet the target, you must finish during compulsory unpaid overtime 'till late at night. Toilets are usually so unclean that workers try to avoid using them. But if you need the toilet, you have to obtain a permit card from the supervisor who times you.'

But for garment workers – most of whom are women – it is preferable to unemployment and hunger. The rag trade has given women a degree of financial and social status unheard of a decade ago. Trade-union membership has risen sharply and now is at an all-time high. Women have even taken to the streets in mass industrial action.

Farida Akhter is confident that Bangladeshi garment workers will seize the first chance the West gives them to create genuine prosperity for themselves. 'Women are becoming skilled and confident,' she smiles. 'I am sure it will not be possible to exploit them in the future as they have been exploited so far.'

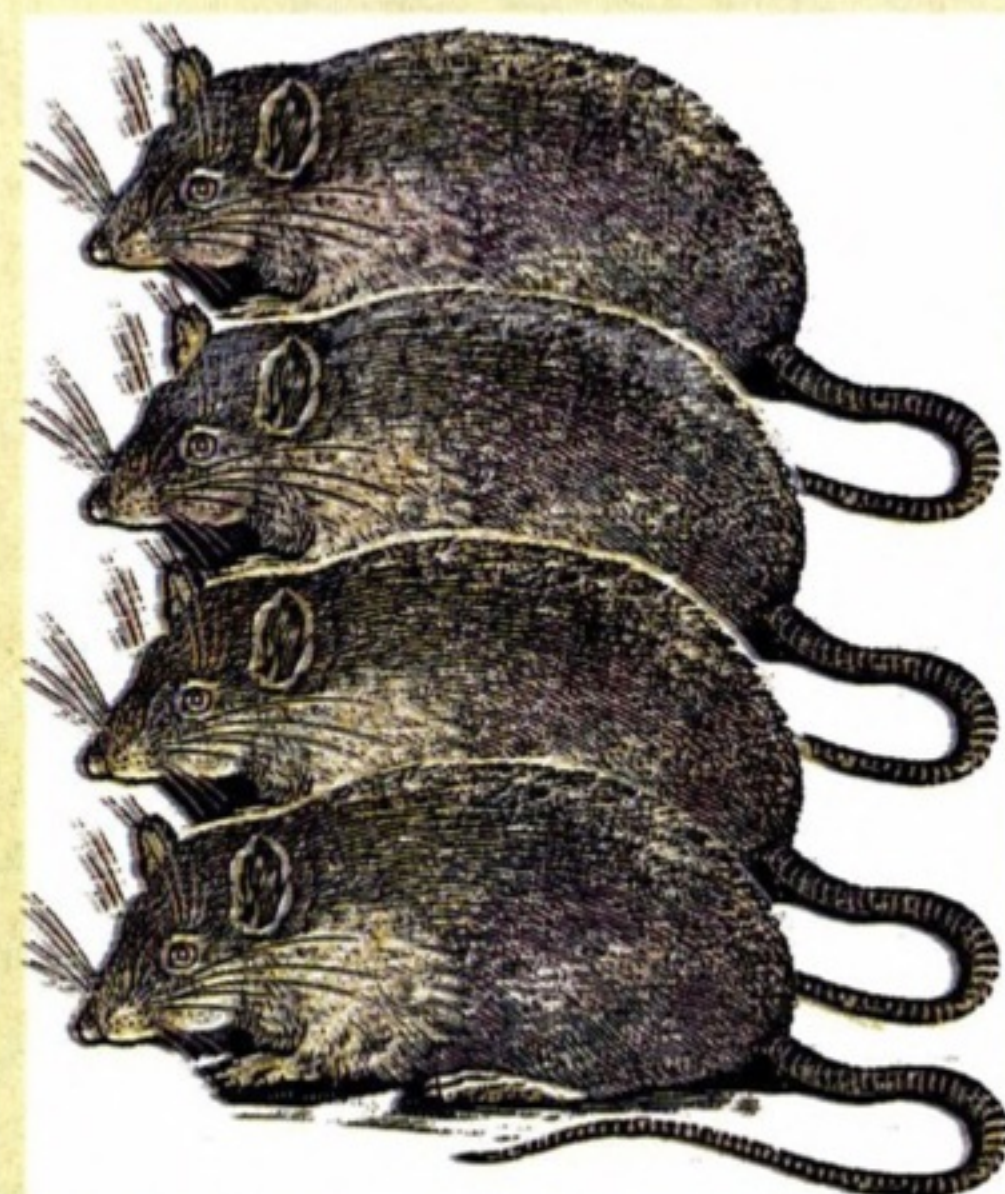
Kay Parris

If you would like to join the World Development Movement's campaign for fair world trade contact **WDM at 25 Beehive Place, London SW9 7QR, UK Tel: 071 737 6215**

Rat crime

Police officers in the town of Busia, Kenya, were 'stunned when a muscular young man went to the police station clutching four rats and accused them of having consumed his bread', according to the *Daily Nation* of Nairobi. 'I want these rats put in cells and charged,' the man said. Instead the police held him for interrogation to determine if he was 'drunk or insane'. Being found 'sober and of sound mind', the newspaper says, he was told to take his complaints to the public-health office.

World Press Review, Vol 40 No 4, 1993



STREET CHILDREN

Safer in sewers

Oil executive gets stuck in

IN 1980 Jaime Jaramillo, a Colombian oil executive, found a young girl, Rebecca, lying on the street after an epileptic fit. He paid for her treatment in hospital, and afterwards, when he accompanied her home, he discovered she lived in a sewer. 'I couldn't understand how anybody could last an hour there. Yet this was her home,' he recalls.

Since then Jaramillo has ventured into the sewers most nights, to visit *los gamines*, the street children, bringing food, medicine and comfort. He has become a regular sight and is known to the children as Papa Jaime.

The sewer children face disease and infection from living in untreated human waste, and from flash floods that sweep through when it rains. Still, life in the sewer is preferable to the dangers the children face on the streets above.

Until recently, death squads roamed Bogotá's streets, assassinating children, considering them little more than vermin. Some 170 children are known to have been killed, though the actual figure is probably higher. The death squads have now disappeared, thanks in part to Jaramillo's tireless work. But abandoned children still retreat to the sewers rather than face abuse on the streets. To survive, they most often resort to crime, which gives them a bad reputation in the city.

Almost all of them sniff glue or petrol fumes or take *bazuco* – the cheap residue left from the manufacture of cocaine. 'It is the cold of the sewers at night that leads many of the children to take drugs,' says Jaramillo.

When he began his work, children of all ages made their homes in Bogotá's sewers. Babies were born there to mothers so young

they were no more than children themselves. The children gathered in small families, looking after the youngest members and guarding their *parche* or patch.

But Jaramillo's achievements over the past 12 years are remarkable. He has rescued all the children under ten from the sewers and babies are no longer born there. Pregnant girls are given two free meals every day and vitamins after their third month, and are taken into hospital for the delivery.

He has established rescue centres where the children – over half of them disabled – are given medical attention, education and training.

When he was nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize in 1990 the Government began to increase its support for his projects and action was taken against the death squads. In 1991 a British charity was set up which supports his work and other projects in Colombia vetted by Jaramillo.

His *Fundación Niños de los Andes* (Children of the Andes Foundation) now has four centres all aimed at giving the children self-sufficiency. Rehabilitating the children from their drug addiction is one of the most difficult steps. No child is forced to come to the centres, and it is hard for the children to sacrifice the freedom they had on the streets for the life at the centres, especially when they are drugged.

In May a centre for drug-dependent children opened in Subachoque, 60 kilometres from Bogotá. Here the children are away from the temptations of the streets, making the process of rehabilitation easier. Jaramillo's organization has helped some 2,000 children so far and astonishingly Jaramillo hasn't lost sight of any of them. ■

Edmund Blair / Gemini

The London address of **Children of the Andes** is **Enterprise House, 59-65 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PQ, UK**

Man in grey suit mixes it with the street children – Jaime Jaramillo and friends.



CHILDREN OF THE ANDES

Goldfinger

The ecologically friendly banana has arrived. Developed by the Honduran Foundation for Agricultural Research, 'Goldfinger' is much hardier than traditional varieties and is resistant to the two worst fungal diseases that afflict bananas. Usually plantations are sprayed with fungicides which are hazardous to workers and the environment to ward off these diseases. Antifungal chemicals cost more than \$750 per hectare a year. These are not needed for 'Goldfinger' – a short fat apple-flavoured banana is a cross between a wild Asian banana and a Brazilian variety. It is hoped that seedlings will be available in 1994.

New Scientist, No 1869, 1993
March 1993



GIANNI TORTOLI/CAMERA PRESS

Pol Pot prosecution?

The US Congress will shortly be debating the 'Khmer Rouge Prosecution Act'. This would legally commit the US Government to actively support efforts to call Pol Pot to account for his crimes against humanity. Pol Pot was leader of the Khmer Rouge which was responsible for the genocide of as many as one and a half million Cambodians in the 1970s.

Concerned Cambodia-watchers worldwide are pressing their governments to delegitimize the Khmer Rouge. This would involve their expulsion from all the UN bodies on which they are currently represented.

Campaigning groups are asking their supporters to contact their congressional or parliamentary representatives and urge them to pursue the prosecution of Pol Pot under international law on genocide.

Craig Etcheson
Campaign to Oppose the Return of the Khmer Rouge

WOMEN

Jailhouse shocker

Protests in Papua New Guinea

A CONTROVERSIAL report on mistreatment of women in the five main jails of Papua New Guinea and a series of mob attacks on women by men in markets have angered community leaders. In recent market-place attacks young women were assaulted and stripped naked for reasons such as wearing shirts and shorts or trousers instead of the more conventional *meri* dress. Some were attacked for wearing make-up. Women are protesting against the absence of police patrols in public places, the slow

arrival of police when attacks are reported and lack of support by security guards in markets.

Papua New Guinea's deeply male chauvinistic social values are reflected in the fact that not one woman candidate was elected among the country's 109 MPs in last year's general election. The cabinet minister responsible for women's affairs is a man.

A recent national study said up to 70 per cent of murder victims in Papua New Guinea were women and 67 per cent were beaten at least once at home. In her survey of five major prisons, criminologist Dr Anne Borrey found it common for women to be jailed for a month or more without being charged. It was also common for a woman to be jailed for not appearing before a court.

Women prisoners were often in poor shape, dirty and underfed. In most jails they had their underwear confiscated. Wardens considered them 'hiding places for cigarettes'. They were allowed to wear undergarments only during their periods. Detainees who broke the rules were punished by having their underwear burnt and not being allowed any for their next menstrual cycle.

Dr Borrey found most women prisoners were jailed for violent reactions to husbands in polygamous families. She appealed for female prisoners to be punished within the community rather than being jailed.

David Robie / Gemini

Women mistreated in Papua New Guinea.



NOMI BAUMGARTL/BILDERBERG/NETWORK

INDIA

Honest bombshell

Anthropologist unearths awkward facts

ALL Indian anthropologist Dr Kumar Suresh Singh and his team wanted to do was 'to record the life of our people as truthfully, as honestly as we can'.

So they set about producing a tremendous 46,000-page document called *The Life of the People of India* which covers every rite, every custom, every habit and every single community in the country. More than 500 sociologists and 3,000 researchers were involved in the eight-year-long study of 4,000 communities.

But in doing so Dr Singh has unwittingly assembled what is being described in the Indian press as 'a bomb'. This, the country's most comprehensive survey, manages to expose the taboos and stereotypes of every community.

Now Dr Singh is agonizing. How does he inform Sikhs that the practice they vehemently oppose – smoking – actually

flourishes in the majority of their communities? How does he tell supposedly anti-alcohol Muslims that they shelter drinkers? Or cow-worshipping Hindus that many of them actually eat beef? How does he break the news that whole populations of Rajputs, known to the world as upholders of Sati, actually believe in widow remarriage. 'In an atmosphere surcharged with religious snobbery and casteist chauvinism,' says *India Today*, 'every scholarly observation is seen as an attack on somebody and the retorts are bound to be swift and predictable.'

'After all these years I wonder whether the effort was worthwhile,' says Singh.

But perhaps the most illuminating discovery – in the wake of the Ayodhya temple riots and Bombay bombings – is the difference he found between the Hindu and Muslim communities. To study religious difference Singh listed 776 traits to see how they compared across the religious divide. When he came to Muslims and Hindus he jumped out of his chair: 'Between Hindus and Muslims, the traits matched to the extent of 97 per cent...'

Information from *India Today*, 15 April 1993

Women's refuge

Women tend to have a particularly nasty time in countries that live by oppressive rules. So Canada's Immigration and Refugee Board has issued regulations that are supposed to help people who fear violence resulting from forced marriages, sterilization, bride-burning or other customs that place women 'in a more vulnerable position than men'. The push for reform came to a head when Nada, a woman from Saudi Arabia who had been beaten and stoned for trying to drive a car (illegal for Saudi women) and appearing in public without a veil was denied refugee status – a decision later reversed by the Minister for Immigration. Radical women's groups argue that the non-binding new guidelines should be made law.

The Economist Vol 326 No 7803

Keeping up

More than 100 million Chinese still earn less than \$40 a year. But the five per cent of China's 1.3 billion population that are wealthy as a result of economic liberalization number 65 million – a market larger than Thailand or Malaysia. Foreign firms are targeting this group, known as *baofahu*, or 'households exploding with wealth'. The Swiss firm Rado sold 10,000 of its top-of-the-range watches in China last year. Benetton sweaters, Adidas sneakers, and Gucci handbags are big sellers. As for swanky cars – a German Audi or Mercedes-Benz for \$50,000 is the ultimate status symbol.

World Press Review, Vol 40 No 4, 1993

Green shoots

A project to reforest mountain slopes around the city of Cuzco (now Qosqo) in Peru with native Andean trees has been a huge success. The project, 'A Million Trees for Qosqo... A Million Trees for Life!' is a joint venture of the city council and the 'Inca' association. The first season of planting began with the rains of September 1990. Within six months 1.2 million trees were planted in and around Qosqo, more than half of them native Andean species. The ultimate goal of the project is to plant 100 million trees. The involvement of the city council permitted the massive mobilization of local inhabitants, with as many as 5,000 people planting up to 25,000 trees in a single day. Eight new forests have been created in the outskirts of Qosqo and many birds and flowering plants are now returning to these areas after a long absence.

Mazan Times, Vol 4 No 4, 1993



UNICEF

Tourists

From tourist...

MARTIN PARR / MAGNUM



...to target!

Tourism is poised to become the world's biggest industry by the year 2000. As profits grow, tourist brochures look ever more like pleasure propaganda. **Pratap Rughani** takes a tour around the stealthy rise of the paradise business.

the final brochure

**Book
early!**

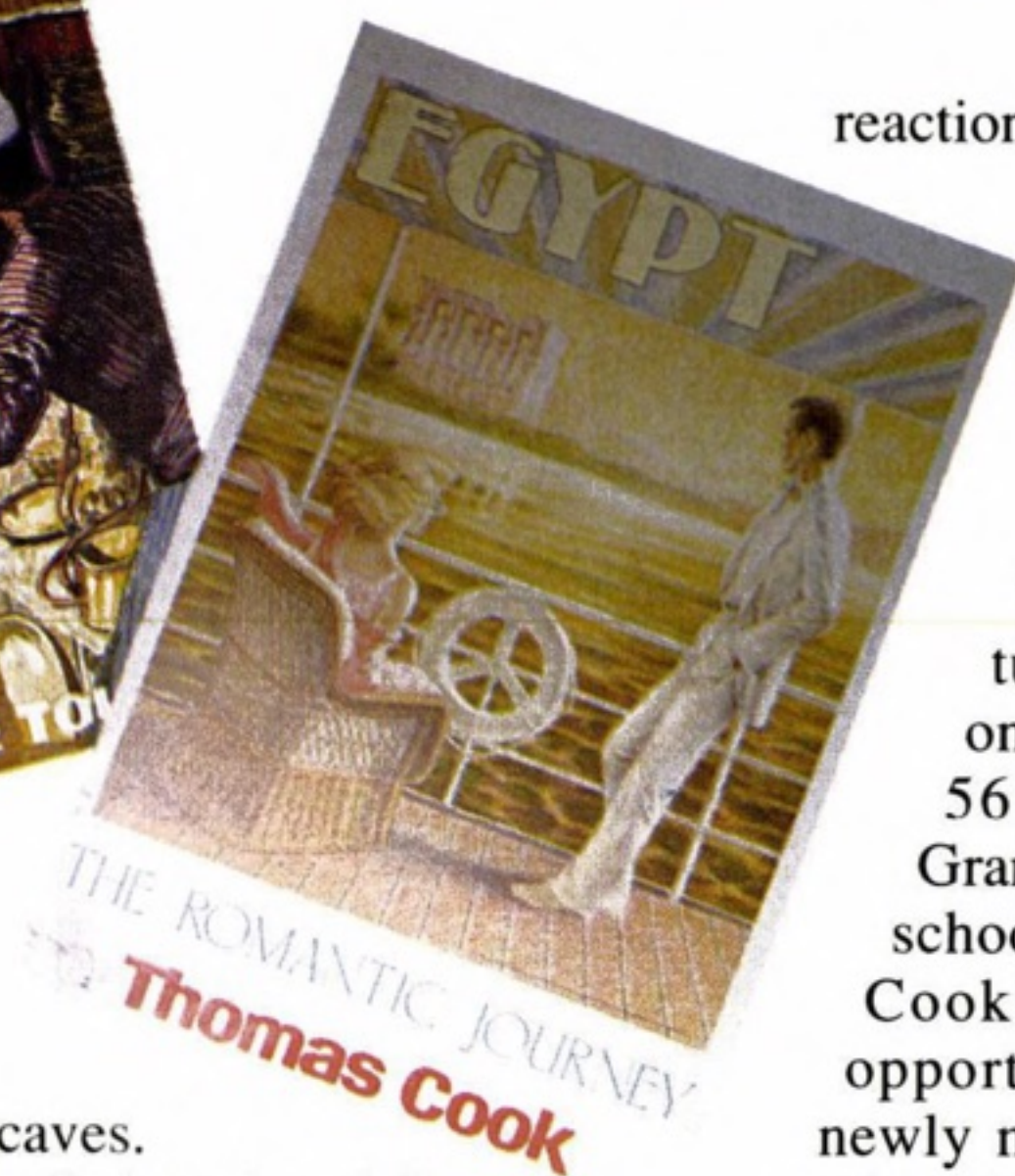
TAKING a tour makes me a tourist – right? ‘No. Tourists go to Benidorm on package deals,’ the agent answered. ‘You’re a traveller.’ The brochures were anxious to reassure me on this point. What happens between making the booking and reaching for the sun cream? The brochures fall over each other feeding on their collective hype to make me an ‘adventurer’, ‘imaginative traveller’, ‘world traveller’, ‘globe-trotter’, ‘expeditionist’, ‘journeyman’ and even ‘individual’. Anything but ‘tourist’. At last the penny drops. OK, so it’s about what we

like to tell ourselves that we are rather than what we actually do.

‘Hey, India!’

A chorus of postcard hawkers forced an acknowledgement from me.

The ecotour I’d carefully chosen, called *Nile Safari*, stressed the cultural exploration of an Egyptian trip. Atef, our Egyptian tour guide, offered to bridge our worlds with Egyptian society. We used Egyptian-owned hotels and services and embarked on the pleasures of seeing what it was that the ancient Egyptians were doing while Europeans were yet to venture



beyond their caves.

We marvelled at the civilization of ancient Egypt, but the symphony faltered. 'If they were so great how come this place is such a mess now?' was the most frequent reaction after admiring 'the amount of gold the Pharaohs had'.

The full influence of ancient Egyptian civilization in forming Western culture remains hidden. Historians took ancient Greece as the source of European civilization and played down or denied earlier influences.¹ Any further research would have traced the roots of Western culture to Africans and Semites. Egyptology has yet to overturn this illusion and the tourist machine now needs to look more honestly at the dynamism of Egyptian culture today. Tourist

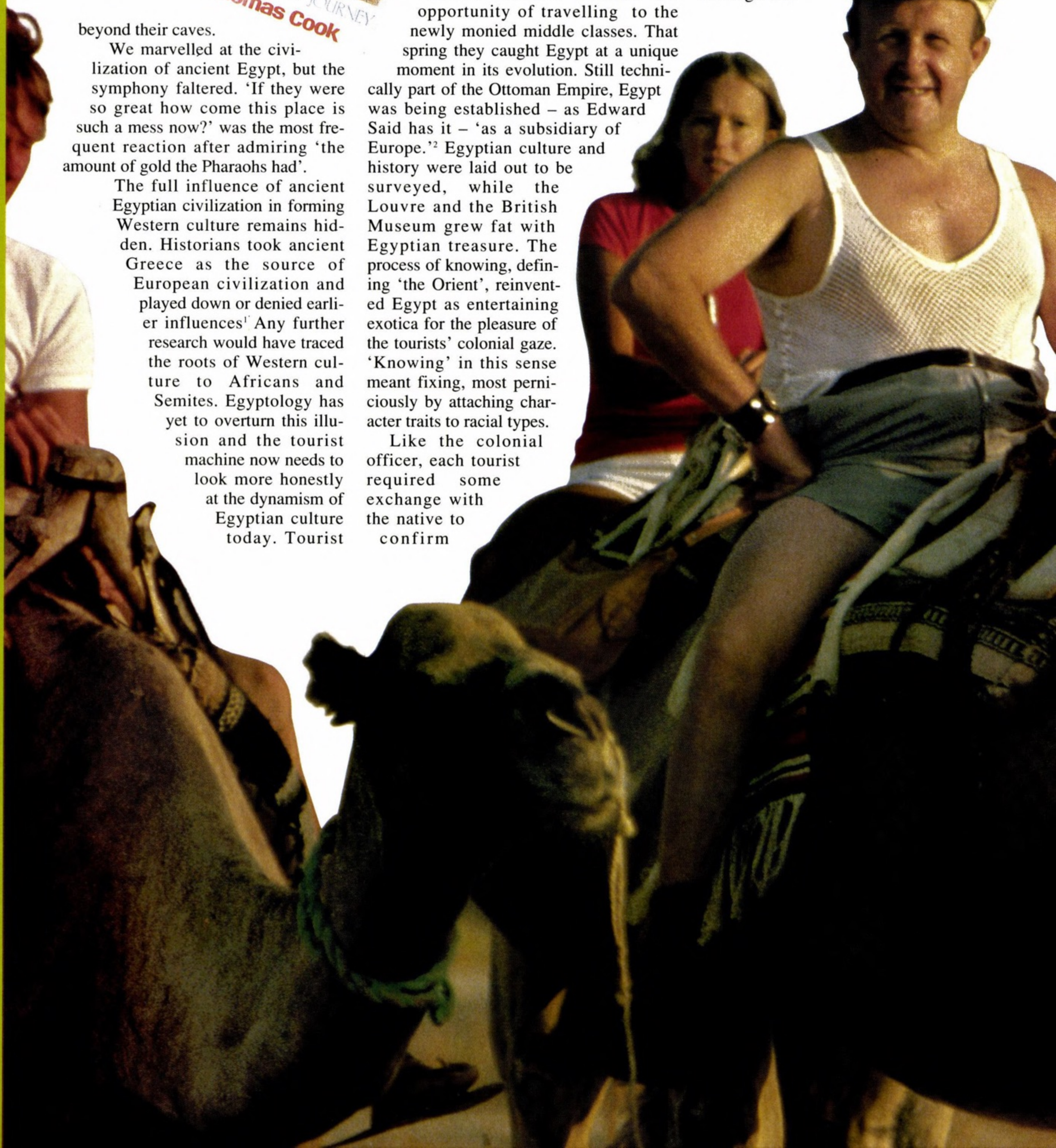
reactions are a part of this history.

In Egypt in the Spring of 1869 Thomas Cook kick-started tourism (now the world's second largest industry) with a package trip for wealthy Victorians. 'Genteel adventurers' made their procession on 65 horses accompanied by 56 muleteers and staff. The Grand Tour used to be a finishing school for young aristocrats, but Cook's ventures widened the opportunity of travelling to the newly monied middle classes. That spring they caught Egypt at a unique moment in its evolution. Still technically part of the Ottoman Empire, Egypt was being established – as Edward Said has it – 'as a subsidiary of Europe.'² Egyptian culture and history were laid out to be surveyed, while the Louvre and the British Museum grew fat with Egyptian treasure. The process of knowing, defining 'the Orient', reinvented Egypt as entertaining exotica for the pleasure of the tourists' colonial gaze. 'Knowing' in this sense meant fixing, most perniciously by attaching character traits to racial types. Like the colonial officer, each tourist required some exchange with the native to confirm

her/his position as 'ruler of all surveyed'. Many brochures trade on this idea, conjuring up imperial nostalgia, endless excess and luxury. Under such weight many tours fold in on their own greed.

At Giza we emptied onto sands alive with touts and trinket-sellers who pursued and stung like horse flies.

'The last remaining wonder of the Ancient world,' Atef said, casting ripe flesh for us culture vultures. As we were hurried through the



burial chambers of Cheops' pyramid the names of seven men accused of a tourist bombing were being read out in a military courtroom in Haekstap. But why bomb and shoot tourists?

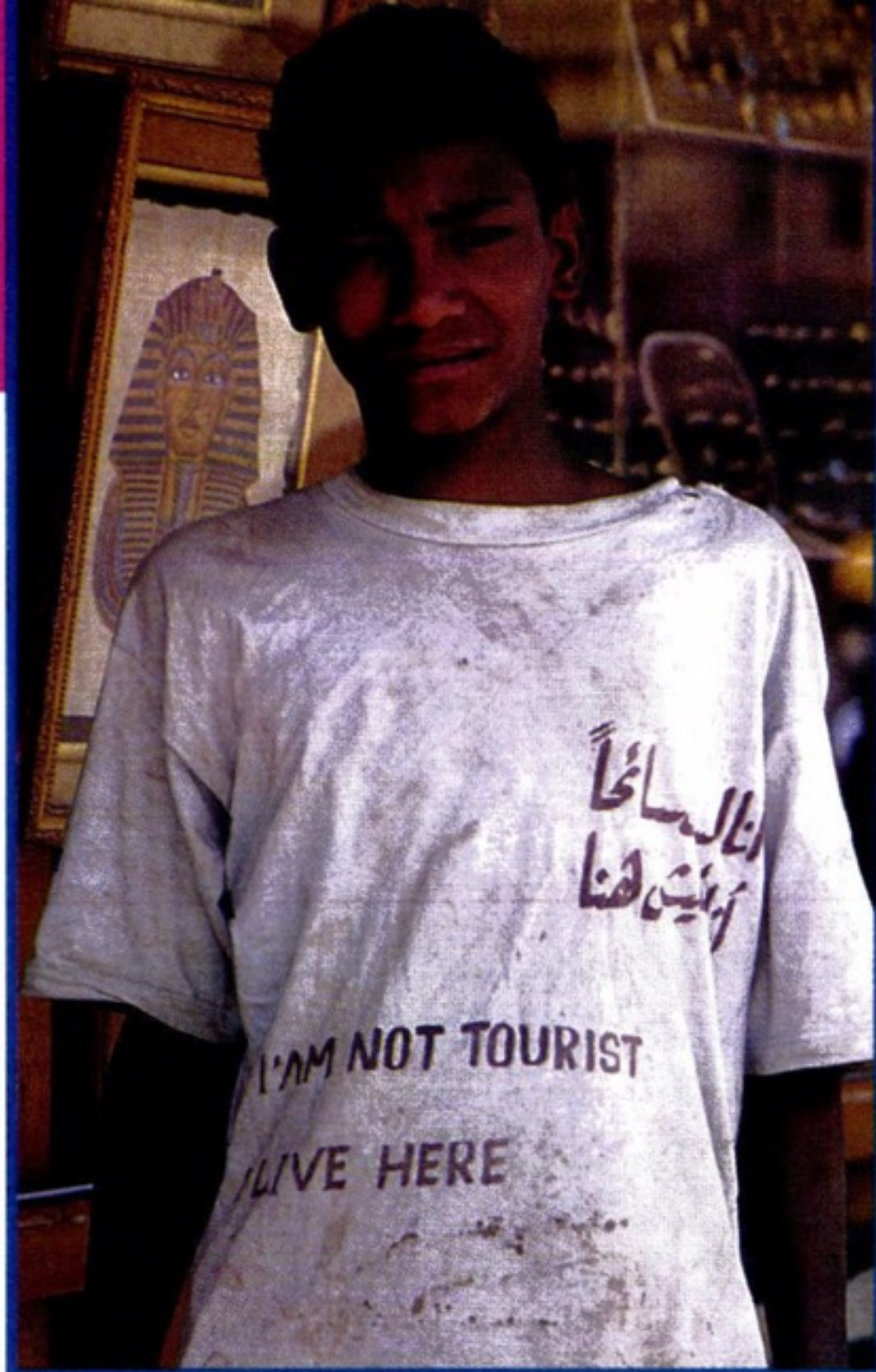
A veiled woman shouted hysterically, before collapsing as she heard the words that shaped her brother's name hang in the indifferent air: Badry Abdel-Rahman. Life imprisonment. The next seven were sentenced to be hanged.

The cultural cement for the ex-pats on holiday was 'Skippy, the Bush Kangaroo'. Some enjoyed mimicking the world's favourite marsupial while others studied the crucial paw movements and interpreted their meanings.

Abdel-Hadi, a hawker, looked on quizzically. Framed by the Sphinx, this chief of the stuffed camel market caught me with a single comment on the scene: 'Colonizing armies have been replaced by armies of tourists'. He smiled, turned on his heels and raced after a group of middle-aged American women. They opened the haggling by ignoring him, but he knew the hesitation in their step. He warmed to the challenge, bowing graciously before them and flourishing 'Lawrence of Arabia' headdresses. Our intentions may begin with a genuine search for greater cultural understanding but they often end in a quest for familiar exotica.

'Hello, New York? England!'

The tour group straggled through columns of papyrus sellers, each side privately insulting the other. Moments of communication with



Two sides of tourism: Thomas Cook touts for business, presenting Cairo as a 'Europeanized' city (1908, far left) or trading on colonial history in 1980 (left), while in Luxor the boy at the *falafel* stall (above) makes his protest.

Egyptian people evaporated. Only the hawkers were left – and Sherifa, 'your Egyptologist'. At the temple of Karnak she gave us a collective name. 'This way, *Sunshine*'.

She had, finally, seen us for what we were – a herd. The dynamics of the group had long since dominated everything else. Egyptian life – to the extent that it could seep through the whale bones of our itinerary – was only a casual reminder that we were in another country, not a moving backdrop lit by some speedy projectionist.

By Luxor I was spending my Skippy popularity fast. I'd taken to

wandering on my own and being late. At a *falafel* stall a bright boy, perhaps ten years old, smiled over his ragged T-shirt. 'I' am not Tourist. I live here,' it said. We shared tea and ate the chick-pea snacks.

'Oxford? Proper London?'

I calculated that pretending I was an Indian student would lessen expectations. It sometimes worked, but this was a place for truth and I was privately delighted to install the idea of an Englishman as brown skin and a pony-tail.

If I tried to get up he became very agitated and repeated a question in Arabic.

A younger boy with sharp eyes appeared from a sea of soapstone Cleopatra busts and translated:

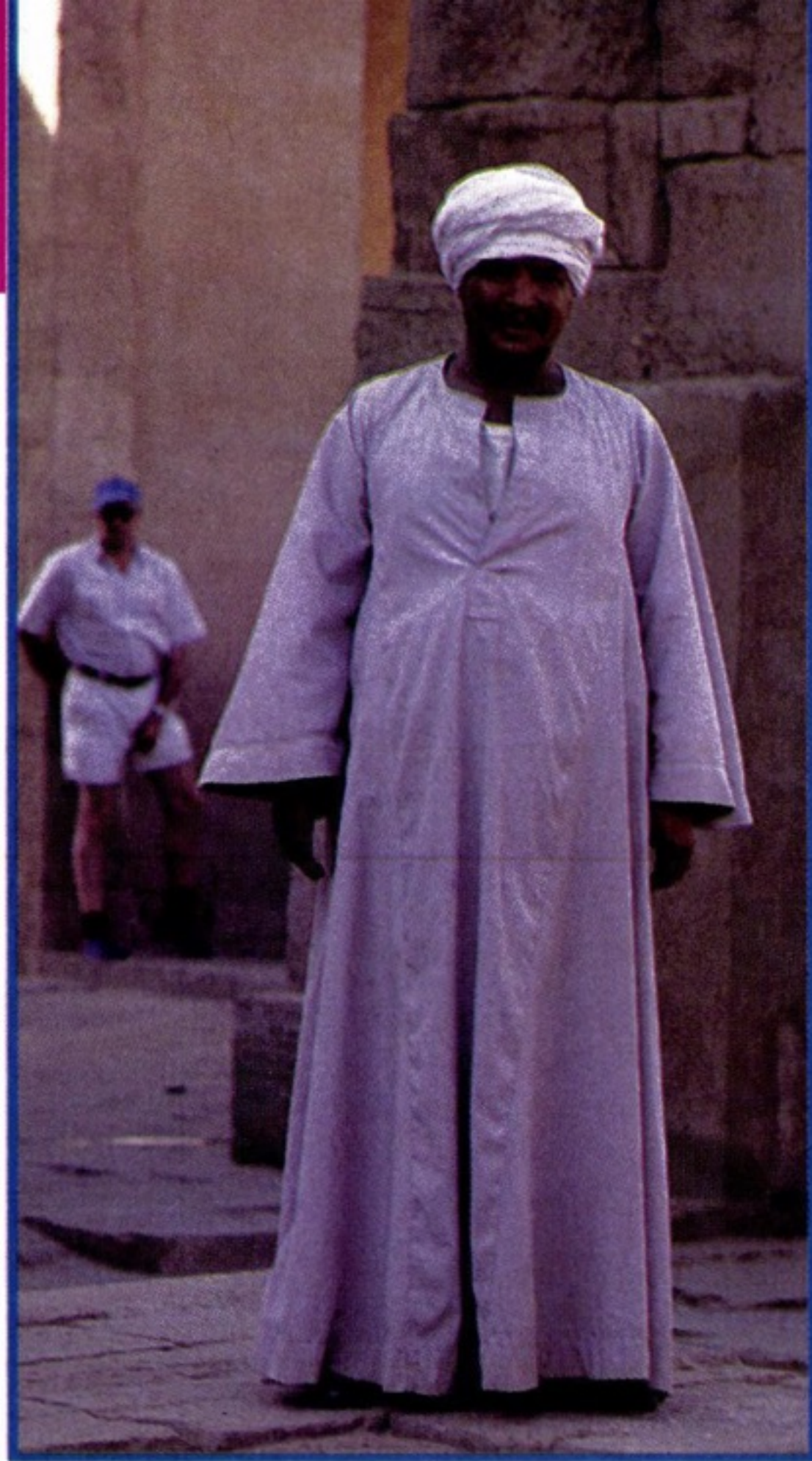
'Please have this boy. He is orphan and likes you, wants to come with you. To take to London? Take me?'

I was shocked. In a world dividing rich from poor ever more starkly, the rich travel without boundaries and amuse ourselves with the 'discovery of the past'. But how can we value each other when our lives are unequal and our governments spend the rest of the year sucking the world's wealth behind fences like Fortress Europe? We arrive as representatives of wealth and opportunity, unwilling to see that Third World poverty is the price of our short-term success and distorts any contact we may have in the South. I remembered a blond couple setting up a tripod by the cremation *ghats* in Benares, India.

'Wait 'til I get a shot of the widow with the corpse,' the man said, priming a 200 millimetre lens.

As our *Imaginative Traveller* coach swaggered towards Cairo's Museum of

FROM TOP LEFT, CLOCKWISE: THOMAS COOK TRAVEL ARCHIVE; PRATAP RUGHANI; MICHAEL FRIEDEL / REX FEATURES



Man and monument: a professional poser wears 'anything ethnic' to give colour to holiday snaps at Kom Ombo temple on the banks of the Nile (above).

Egyptian Antiquities, I began to wonder: what am I doing here?

Since October the radical Islamic group *El-Gamaat el-Islamiya* has given its answer. They claim that mass tourism offends Islam, making the industry a legitimate political target. With that they embarked on a shooting and bombing campaign spanning Cook's design from Cairo to Aswan. So far 30 Western tourists have been injured, five fatally.

Bombs recently hit every stop on our tour, most audaciously outside the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities in the heart of Cairo, home of the death mask of New Kingdom Pharaoh Tut-ankh-amon. Wandering among the contents of Pharaohs' tombs, listening to cut-throat competition in the plastic-pyramid market outside, I felt that the hydra-head of tourism was starting to consume itself.

Perhaps the Muslim Brotherhood – an illegal but influential Islamic pressure group – could disentangle this. The Brotherhood

have had their hand strengthened by the tourism crisis though they denounced the tourist killings and now insist that there are no links between them and *El Gamaat*. After some negotiation we arranged to meet in the offices of *El Dawaa* ('Spread Islam') magazine above Cairo's Tawifga vegetable market.

I couldn't remember which vegetables to wait by and was late.

Brotherhood Chairman Mahmud Al Hudibi was in brazen mood, emboldened by the advantage that my choice of radish over tomatoes had given him.

'Islamicization of Egypt will dissolve the tensions of mass tourism. We say to the foreigner, behave like a Muslim and all will be well. Muslim women do not wear nothing or drink alcohol so why should tourists? Foreigners respecting our conventions are welcome,' he said.

'So what would you do if people disobey your version of Islam?' I asked.

His broad face rose in anger as he seized on 'the hidden agenda in your line of questioning'. He dismissed the interpreter, accused me of being a spy and shouted 'When we have an Islamic society these things will simply not happen!'

Meandering through the courgettes outside, why, I puzzled, has tourism in the South reached its flash-point here?

In the raw equations of power politics a dead western tourist put *El Gamaat* on the map. Their plan is to hit the government where it hurts – in its foreign exchange earnings.

El Gamaat have no detailed plan to reform the tourist industry, yet in a few months their campaign has cut the industry's yearly \$2.5 billion takings by

at least a third. Tourism is their most powerful pawn in a far bigger battle. The Egyptian Government is clearly rattled. Secret meetings with the Brotherhood are rumoured while tourism minister Faoud Sultan has hired Burson-Marsteller, the world's biggest PR company, to promote upbeat stories about Egypt. Saatchi & Saatchi are advising on how to restore Egypt's 'positive' image.

The confusion in Egypt captures the chaotic potential of this wild-card industry. The most ardent sun-seekers still catch themselves asking: Do I pay the beggar? And the second? And the third? Hating poverty not poor people – was that the most I could do to preserve a morsel of humanity? Was I hassled by men thinking women from the North are easy?

As 'tourism anthropologist' Tom Selwyn told me, tourism is 'a series of cultural processes, some of which are contradictory'. Tourism of course is not inherently bad. Dissecting it uncovers the anatomy of an archetypal clash of vested interests in the South. The industry (travel agents, 'consolidators', tour operators, airlines, hotels and local agents) face off with national governments, conservationists and people on the edge of subsistence. But what are the *terms* of the relationship and who, ultimately benefits?

The problem for us as tourists is both in and outside of ourselves. Few in the industry want to take you far past shiny pictures to give a sense of what has resulted from interaction between the tourist and the 'toured'. It's a couple of weeks for escape, pleasure, relaxation – who would take this as the moment to analyze the mega-systems that divide rich and poor?

But for increasing numbers of people a trip to the South is an object lesson in cultural imperialism. We're told it's about cultural exchange when the reality is a one-way street. Tourism now is a kind of cash crop. Large





sections of the industry look to turn countries and communities into quick-fix commodities and parcel them out while they're still 'unspoiled'. A rapacious search for new destinations with the same ingredients means that when one destination is 'overdeveloped' the market is poised to move on, without rebuilding the ecosystems they've destroyed or even learning from their mistakes. Today you can book a beach holiday in dozens of countries of the South – and have pretty much the same experience. The package industry, with its experience of what sells, tries to strike a balance between sanitizing and de-culturing the South. We're left buying a moveable cliché.

In Egypt, a country with arguably the most experienced administrators in the tourist industry, Sayed Moussa, the urbane director of the Egyptian Tourist Authority stressed that 'countries should define *why* they want tourism. If you're only money-conscious, there will be sacrifices.'

Even with the objective of distributing income from tourism, most developing countries have limited room for manoeuvre. Many are now in a beauty contest to compete for tourism investment. They face a well-oiled coalition of multinational interests with practised negotiators who can afford to hold out for their terms, while asking the South to parade in its collective swimsuits.

The problem has been sharply felt in the newly emergent Republics of Central Asia. With the dollar worth hundreds of roubles on the black market, Western tourism is quickly becoming the Holy Grail of hard currency, the only buffer against hyperinflation. The scrap for dollars in the newly-independent Republics creates strong temptations to provide what Westerners will pay for. Southern countries face the imperative to meet debt repayment targets and buy essential commodities on the

'free market'. It's easy to see how these pressures conspire with the interests of many Southern élites to make Third World governments turn a blind eye to the abuses of tourism.

Developers have long profited from the lure of hard currency and fuelled unrealistic expectations. Their talk is of new jobs, inward investment and opportunities to develop the service sector of the economy. The chemistry of their coalition with the developing country will determine if anything much reaches local people, and what it's worth.

But results are often disappointing. Local jobs are generally unskilled. Many are seasonal and, contrary to the claims made for tourism, have the effect of reducing the diversity of the local economy. Expertise is brought in from outside and a large proportion of money spent in the South ends up being repatriated to the North in long-standing business relationships.

This 'leakage' retains elements of neo-colonial control and its effects are widely underestimated. While the Egyptians have just completed an International Monetary Fund deal to open up 65 kilometres of Red Sea shoreline for tourism, with hotel complexes of 150,000 rooms, the Egyptian Tourist Authority could give me no estimates for leakage at all.

If leakage is a problem then it's in part because Westerners insist on importing a high-burn lifestyle wherever we go. Every country in the South that has opted for tourism is suffering some aspect of its effects. Tourist demands for hot showers have quickened deforestation in Nepal. In Goa, India, local communities are denied access to water pipelines because the

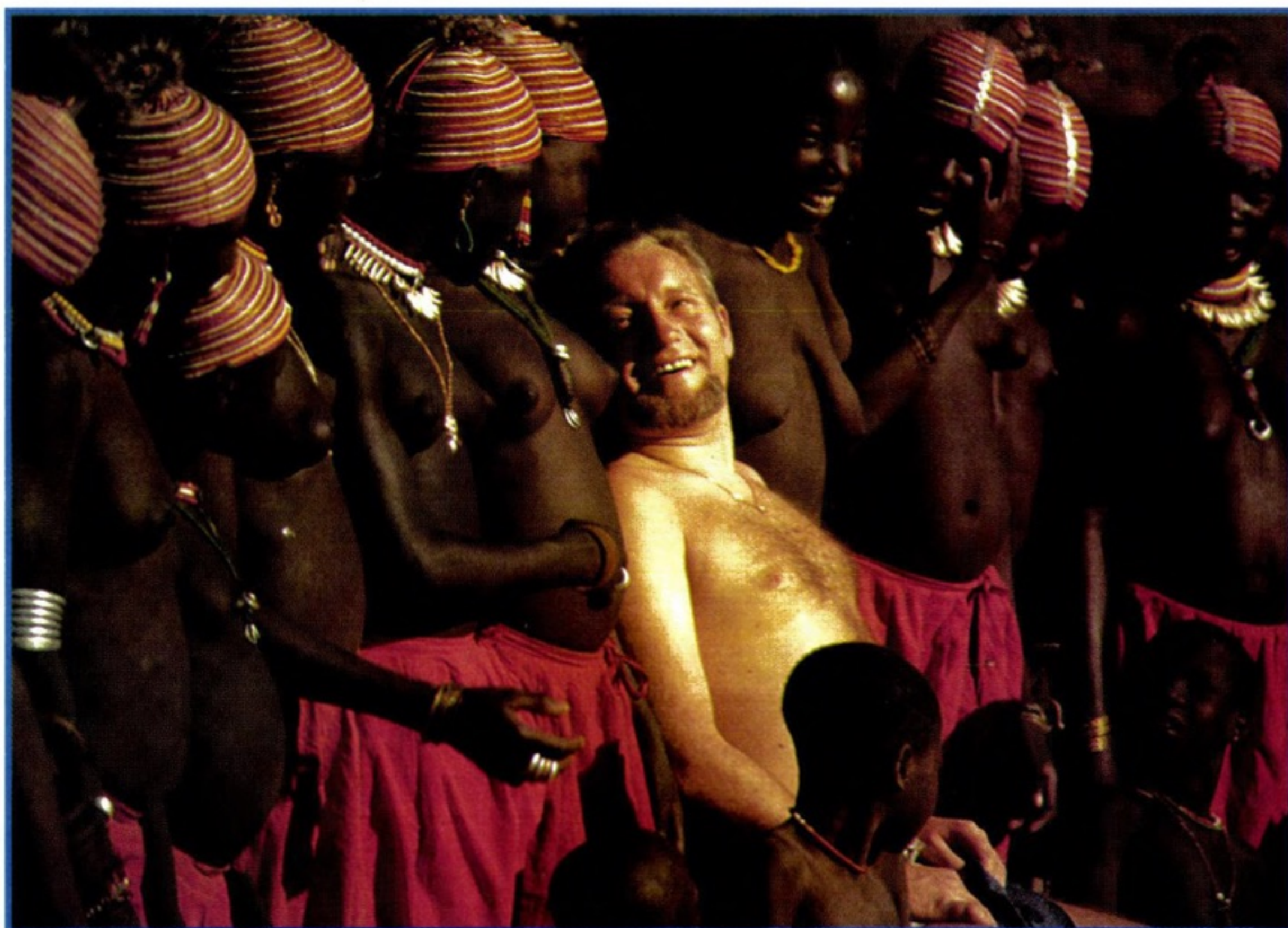
tourists' flush toilets and obligatory swimming pools have better access to the region's supply. Across Southeast Asia tens of thousands of women, boys and girls are caught in the slavery of prostitution and child prostitution.

The mainstream industry's response is limp and even risible. In Bangkok the tourism crisis has reached its nadir in the burgeoning of the sex-tourism trade and – in the wake of HIV and AIDS – the consumption of ever younger children to feed the fantasies of rich tourists.

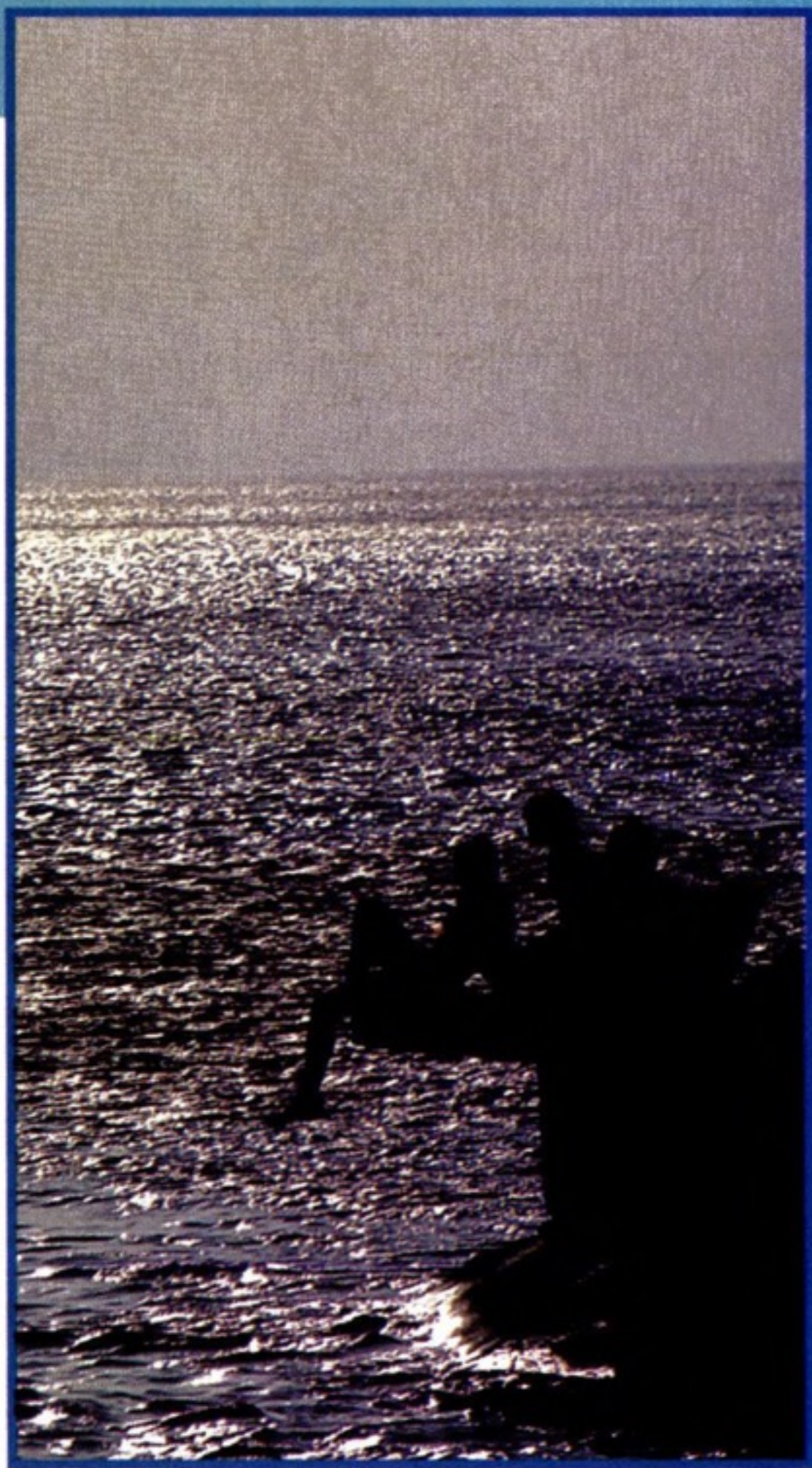
There has been widespread criticism over several years of the industry's complacency, refusing as it does to get involved in trying to stop the boom in child prostitution fuelled by its customers. Yet the industry's window-dressers are busy promoting 'industry good practice' in Bangkok with projects such as landscaping around the Sukothai hotel. 'The Sukothai was designed as an oasis of calm amid the hustle and bustle of Bangkok... locally available flowers are used rather than imported species'³ they say. Fine, reply local activists, but not exactly the point when faced with estimates of over half a million Thai children involved in prostitution. Radicalized by seeing their societies denatured by tourism, groups such as the Ecumenical Coalition on Third World Tourism have begged the pleasure-seekers to stay home.

Where does that leave us? 'Environmentally friendly tourism' is now being promoted as the answer to tourist blight. The situation isn't helped by the extra work we need to do to separate the

Below: Tourism today; the politics of pleasure in Cameroon.



PHOTOS: DENNIS STOCK / MAGNUM; NICK NICHOLS / MAGNUM (BELOW)



Above: View from the brochures: sunset and sea. Below: Yanomami revenge: training a lens on the tourists.

genuine operators from fast-buck cynics who will call anything green if they think it will sell. Ecotourism aims to change the relationships of mainstream travel. Today you can join a rainforest research project, or take an 'ethical tour' divining water in the Sahel. By coupling environmental education with simple and minimal travel needs, ecotours can help protect local plants and animals and give economic incentives to local people to preserve the environment. One hallmark of this approach is the emphasis on using indigenous guides and products. The key is that it should be 'low impact'.

For some, escape from city life, glimpses of nature and the chance to be 'ecologically correct' are significant bait. But this is only a partial solution available to people who often have a high degree of awareness, motivation and plenty of ready cash. There are dangers too. As rainforest tourism takes off indigenous peoples are once again being marketed as 'noble savages' to satisfy the alienated spiritual impulses of godless industrialized societies. We need to see people on their own terms in living societies, not projections of our current needs.

Tourism as a spot of affluence and luxury amid unmitigated poverty cannot be sustainable development. Planning escapes as though the world were a one-way adventure playground

puts our needs first, then pits our pleasure against others' pain.

The Kenyan government has long maintained that environmental beauty harnessed for tourism is the future. But tensions continue between the perceived needs of Western tourists and those of Kenyan people. For example the Kenyan government remained staunchly silent about the HIV pandemic through the mid-1980s, worried that 'bad publicity' might deter tourists. While Kenya was starved of safer sex information, tourists 'letting go on holiday' helped spread HIV and AIDS-related diseases more widely. In balancing the public health needs of the people of the South with the demands for hard currency, whose interests are being served?

It can be hard to see this. Tourist brochures have become pleasure propaganda, selling escapism in a tone of juvenile orgasm, where 'the natives smile welcomingly', everything is commodified, available and *tremendous*.

'From the instant sex in Patpong Rd... to the ubiquitous images of immediately available food, the invitation is to make instant choices: to suck, fuck and then quickly move on to the Dominican Republic,' writes Tom Selwyn.⁴

A quarter of all people who take their holiday abroad go South. If you're one of the 120 million estimated to enter the cultural minefield this year, then perhaps it's worth rethinking why you are going. Mainstream brochures will flatter with a supermarket of illusions selling shabby myths in glossy pages.

So how can we make tourism more worthwhile? Help keep your money in the South by avoiding multinational hotel chains and operators. Travel independently or choose 'ethical tours'. These should work with local owners and guides. Buy locally, open yourself to a new language and history, politics and society rather than the tawdry ersatz of industry hype. Eat local food. Relish the prospect of understanding cultural difference. If you are enriched by the experience, think through how you may return something of this gift. If your eyes are opened by poverty then turn that compassion into making some effort to help the local people who are trying to do something about it. The reward of genuine understanding or a friendship on a more equal basis is a great prize – for both sides. Tripping in the South can counterbalance the dominant ideologies of mass-media representations, so there's a lot to play for. The first step is to understand why you're able to make the trip but the people you meet aren't: then to ask how and why resources are so stretched in developing countries – and on your return home, resolve to do something about it. ■

¹ "Modern archaeologists and ancient historians of this region are still working with models set up by men who were crudely positivist and racist". Martin Bernal, *Black Athena: The Afroasiatic Roots of Classical Civilisation*, Vol 1, page 9. Rutgers University Press, 1987. ² Edward Said, *Culture & Imperialism*, Chatto & Windus 1993. ³ World Travel and Tourism Environment Research Centre. *Good Practice Database*. ⁴ Tom Selwyn, 'Peter Pan in South East Asia: the brochures' in Hitchcock, King & Parnwell, *Tourism in South East Asia*, Routledge, 1993.



HAWAII

Aloha!

'Welcome to Paradise'



That's what the tourist industry promises the visitor to Hawaii. Kaleo Patterson excavates the foundations of fantasy land.



Full blast: from an 'official' reception committee (above) and Hurricane Iniki (right).

ON 11 September 1992 Hurricane Iniki suddenly swerved west to pass directly over the island of Kauai. Two-hundred-mile-an-hour winds buffeted the island paradise. Everything, including the mighty hotels and resorts, suffered destruction and disaster.

But I breathed a sigh of relief.

On a protest against a missile programme shortly before the hurricane, it struck me that there is already a state of emergency among native Hawaiians. Many local people defended the programme, say-

ing they would sooner have a missile base in their community than a hotel. What can have happened to us native Hawaiians that we welcome a hurricane and see opportunity in a missile base?

I have counselled the prostitute, the desk clerk, the maid and the bartender. I've counselled and prayed with the whole housekeeping staff of a major resort. I've been involved in hundreds of reburials at ancient Hawaiian grave sites because of tourist developments. I have witnessed the desecration of our sacred places and cried

over the senseless pollution of our reefs and rivers. I have seen the exploitation caused by an out-of-control global industry that has no understanding of limits, nor responsibility or concern for the host people of a land. I can say with certainty that the majority of Hawaiians long for a better way of life, of simple respect and dignity, that today's tourism industry has systematically undermined.

Reefs and fishing grounds have been destroyed because of golf course irrigation and hotel sewage runoff. Access to the

PHOTOS: NORMAN LOMAX / IMPACT (TOP); GALANTE / LIAISON / FRANK SPOONER PICTURES



PHOTOS: RENE BURRI / MAGNUM; DENNIS STOCK / MAGNUM

Aloha!

'Welcome to Paradise'



Titanic festivities on a sinking island (above), and disdain from native Hawaiians (right).

areas we traditionally used for foraging has been prohibited. Most shocking for native Hawaiians is the continuing desecration of sacred sites and burial grounds which are eyed as 'prime coastal locations for development'.

Tourism has meant an invasion of all that is sacred to our people. Our culture has been turned into a 'Hula marketing' campaign. We are romanticized, to appeal to the fantasies of world travellers. Popular images show smiling, flower-adorned girls and hula dancers, exotic moonlit feasts with natives serving hand and foot. This kind of marketing and promotion perpetuates racist and sexist stereotypes that are culturally inappropriate and demeaning. It sells an artificial cultural image with complete disregard for the truth.

Meanwhile the ground is literally cut away from beneath us.

Last year, on the southern shores of Kauai at a development site called Keonaloa, a well-known ancient Hawaiian burial ground was excavated to make way for a condominium resort project. Community opposition saved one acre to relocate all the graves excavated from a total of 22 acres of burial grounds. The one-acre parcel has been incorporated into the planned resort and will be used as a marketing feature of the development.

Native Hawaiians will continue to be angered at such disregard for sacred sites and the bones of our ancestors, whose spirits will be further desecrated by the inquisitive stares of flocks of tourists.

On Maui island, at a place called Honokahua, a developer's excavations unearthed over 1,100 intact burial bundles, while local community groups protested in anger. It took mass demonstrations before

the developer stopped. Elsewhere we have not been so lucky, losing a Supreme Court ruling to prevent drilling on religious sites.

Hawaiian families and communities who have lived for generations in a particular valley or along a river are still forced out by a proposed golf course or hotel. Recently this happened to families in Hana and Maui, as well as to farming communities in Maunawili and Waianae on Oahu. Displaced Hawaiians commonly find their way to remote beaches only to be evicted later. Crowded beaches and commercial tour-boating threaten shoreline fishing through noise or chemical pollution. Tourism is cutting the ties between native Hawaiians and our land, culture, tradition and lifestyle. As it gets more difficult to continue our traditional ways of life Hawaii becomes more and more dependent on an already uncertain and overdeveloped tourist industry.

Tourism remains a major obstacle to our struggle to regain a foothold on the land. The question now is: how can tourism be reshaped to meet the community's needs?



"Isn't it fantastic out there? Perfect for romantic couples. They drink it long... plenty of ice and lemon and that. It's home from home!"

Beverley Moss
Walthamstow, London, UK.

Aloha!

'Welcome to Paradise'

sexual and domestic violence and substance abuse among native Hawaiian people. In addition, sexism and racism are closely interlinked with tourism. In short, tourism, as it exists today, is detrimental to the life, well-being and spiritual health of native Hawaiian people. If not checked and transformed, it will bring grave harm, not only to the native Hawaiian people, but to all people living in Hawaii.'

While local élites and transnational corporations benefit from tourism, native Hawaiians remain the poorest, sickest and least educated of all peoples in Hawaii. Current trends show that tourism will *never* benefit us.

At the same time native Hawaiians are achieving unprecedented political support for self-governance. In

the summer of 1991 40 major Hawaiian organizations formed a united coalition to begin the work of restoring the Hawaiian nation. The action has Federal Government support and a grant of \$1.2 million over three years. State and Congressional politicians are drafting legislation to address the rights of native Hawaiians. Recently a Civil Rights Commission report titled *Broken Promises* underscored the political injustices that have plagued native Hawaiians and called on the US to right those

wrongs.

Just months before Hurricane Iniki we scored a victory when a large tour-boat industry on the north shore of Kauai was shut down after years of opposition to its environmental and cultural effects. The State has begun to identify beaches and shore areas that are exceeding capacity and where conflicts between residents and visitors continue to escalate.

In the last ten years Hawaii has gone through a spurt of speculative development in which mega-resorts have been built by the dozen on each major island. They were based in part on the fantasies of the Hawaii Visitors Bureau, which projected a doubling of the number of visitors to Hawaii from six to eleven million by the year 2000. These projections were made by

political bureaucrats indifferent to the impact of tourism and consumed with greed. While the hotels go up, community infrastructure such as sewage, roads, housing and schools are already 10 to 15 years behind current community needs.

But in the aftermath of the Gulf War demand has collapsed. On Kauai almost every hotel has had ownership transfers or filed for bankruptcy.

What happens to an island when it finds itself lying bruised and naked in the aftermath of a hurricane? What happens to an island which has been selling its soul to tourism and cannot survive without the tourist dollar and yen? What happens to a visitor industry that wants to rebuild when native Hawaiians say 'not now' and 'no more of the same oppression upon our people and the desecration of our lands'?

After a hurricane as destructive as Iniki you realize how quickly we can get in touch with deeper community values. Pacific cultures are based on a high level of environmental awareness. The relationship of people to land and of people to sea is spiritual and religious. When tourism takes away the land, the fishing grounds or the right to gather food or medicine the Hawaiian loses a primary means of livelihood and – more important – meaning in life.

The absence of tourists after Hurricane Iniki came as a welcome realization. Within a week most of the many thousands of visitors and tourists who huddled through the raging winds of destruction fled like refugees. Local residents were ecstatic at being able to return to a favourite beach. Kauai, its people, land and sea seemed appreciative of the solitude and measured pace of life.

As the tourism industry cheerleaders scurry to rebuild an industry based on the values of global and mass tourism, Kauai residents and native Hawaiians are taking a good look at what is important to us. What we have discovered over and over again is that yes, there is life after the hurricane and yes, there can be life without tourism. As we grow in strength the day will come when the tourist industry will have to deal with the new Hawaiian nation. In the meantime native Hawaiians will continue to question and oppose inappropriate tourism that exploits our culture and beliefs. ■

Reverend Kaleo Patterson is a pastor on the island of Kauai and activist with the Hawaii Ecumenical Coalition, campaigning for Hawaiian sovereignty.



The closing declaration of a recent international conference on tourism sponsored by progressive churches and lobbyists such as the Third World Ecumenical Coalition on Tourism summed up the situation: 'Contrary to the claims of its promoters, tourism, the biggest industry in Hawaii, has not benefited the poor and oppressed native Hawaiian people. Tourism is not an indigenous practice; nor has it been initiated by the native Hawaiian people. Rather, tourism promotion and development has been directly controlled by those who already control wealth and power, nationally and internationally. Tourism... expands upon the evil of an economy which perpetuates the poverty of native Hawaiian people and which leads to



PHOTOS: BOTTOM LEFT: HOMER SYKES / NETWORK; FAR RIGHT BOTTOM: PIERS CAVENDISH / IMPACT PHOTOS; ALL OTHERS PATRIC ZACHMANN / MAGNUM.

The SEX TOURIST'S *yen*

As more men travel, the sex-tourism industry continues to expand. Japanese journalist **Yayori Matsui** investigates a leisurely game of cat and mouse between the sex-tour operators and complacent authorities. She is a senior staff writer for the Japanese newspaper *Asahi Shimbun* and has campaigned against sex tours for over two decades.

‘COME here because Thai girls are pretty and gentle...’ ‘Girls here are much cheaper than in Japan: they are poor, that’s why they need customers, isn’t it?’ ‘Am I afraid of AIDS? No – I use more than one condom.’ ‘I don’t feel immoral to come here, because I’m sort of contributing to the Thai economy.’

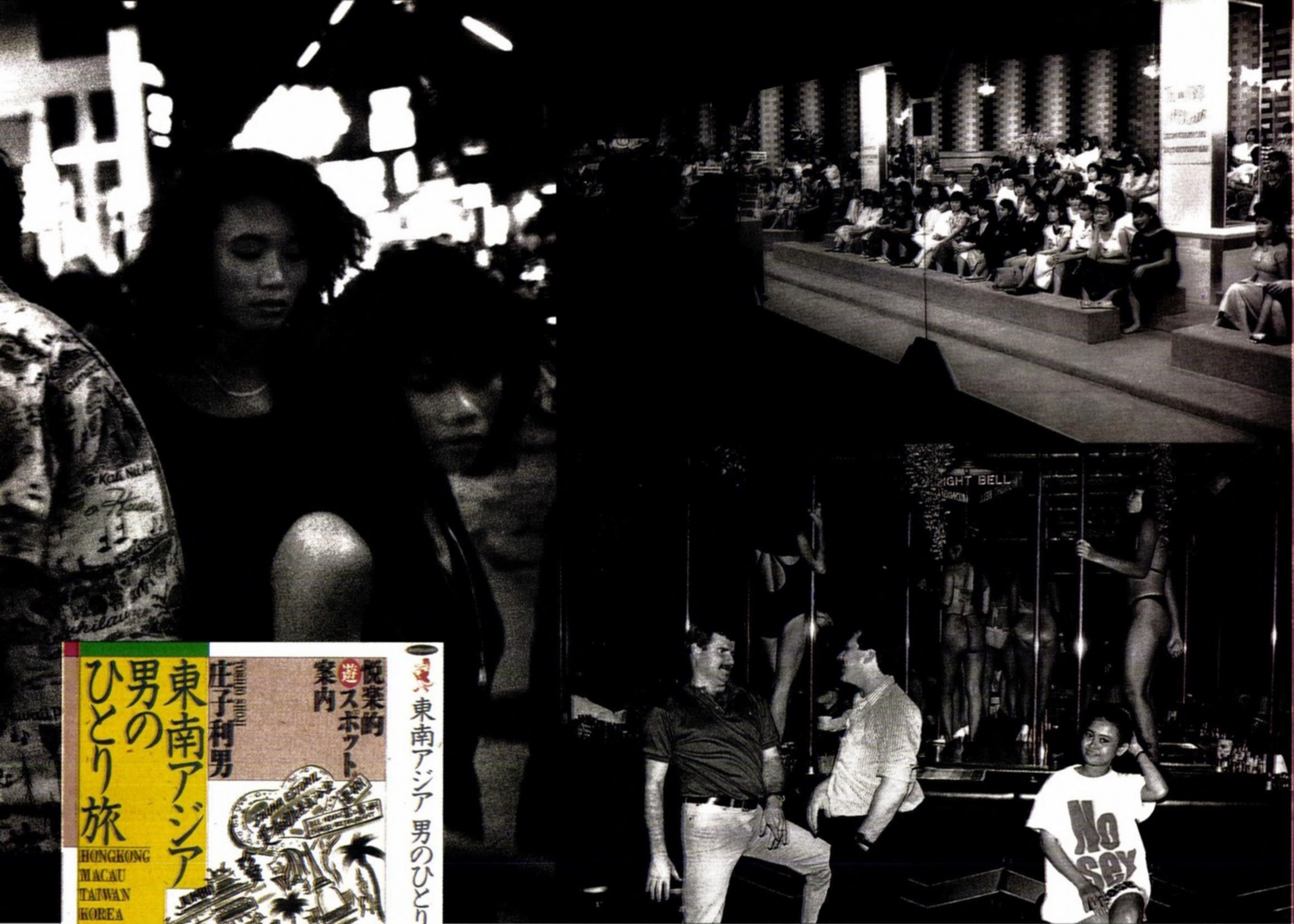
These are some of the answers Japanese men in Thaniya Road, Bangkok gave to the Japanese Men’s Group Against Prostitution in Asia in 1991. Thaniya Road is well known as a playground exclusively for Japanese men. Along the 200-metre-long narrow street more than 100 lounges, Karaoke bars and Japanese restaurants are

lined up one after another. Hundreds of Japanese tourists and businessmen enjoy their night-life with elegantly dressed Thai hostesses who speak a little Japanese.

Until a few years ago Japanese tourists used to spend their nights on Patpong Road. Today the Go-Go bars there are full of Western tourists. Thaniya Road gradually emerged to cater for Japanese men who feel uncomfortable with noisy music and naked dancers.

Japanese men don’t like to mingle with Western men. You rarely come across Japanese men in the street. They are usually on a group tour and agents make special arrangements for them to receive girls in their hotel rooms. According to a female hotel manager the Japanese are very careful and nervous about sexually transmitted diseases and AIDS, and they demand that the agents provide them with ‘clean’ girls. ‘For us the Japanese way is much better than the way Western men walk around to pick up girls and get or spread the fatal virus,’ she said.

The original destination of Japanese tourists was Taiwan, where Japanese was still spoken because Taiwan was once a



Bedlam in Bangkok, the international capital of the monied male menopause. Safe sex advice in the red light district of Soy Nana (far left, bottom). Clients look through a glass screen at prostitutes in a brothel; each woman is identified by a badge and number (top right).

'Please enjoy vice': an invitation from the cover of the best-selling international guide book *A Man Travels Alone To Pleasure Spots in South-East Asia*.

colony. Group tours to Peitou hot springs near Taipei became popular because men could enjoy cheaper sex with local women, many of whom were young tribal girls from the mountains.

Then, in 1972, the re-establishment of diplomatic relations between Japan and mainland China cut direct flights between Tokyo and Taipei. Travel agents responded by funneling sex-tour packages to Seoul, South Korea. They lighted on the *Kisaeng*, a traditional Korean dinner and provocative entertainment, as the main sales point for Japanese men. The price of the tour included a *Kisaeng* girl.

Kisaeng tourism was exposed by Korean women in 1973 when a group of women students made protests at Kimpo airport, carrying placards reading: 'We oppose prostitution tourism!' or 'Don't make our country a brothel for Japanese men'. Korean church women publicly denounced *Kisaeng* tourism as 'a shameful act by Japanese men who take advantage of their economic power and dehumanize our countrywomen'. Of the half-a-million Japanese tourists who flocked to Seoul each year, 95 per cent were men.

The heart of the problem is that sex tours have become part of accepted business practice. Corporations now use sex just like alcohol to serve clients and to socialize with colleagues.

In the late 1970s Japanese sex tours expanded to Southeast Asia. In the Philippines the Marcos government promoted international tourism; in the Ermita area of Manila luxurious five-star hotels were built and the sex industry boomed. Young, poor girls came from the vast squatter areas nearby to offer sex services to Japanese and other foreign tourists.

Local reaction was forceful. At the 1980 International Workshop on Third World Tourism in Manila the Christian Conference of Asia investigated tourist hotels, one of which was full of Japanese tourists spending nights with Filipina hostesses. They found that just one tenth of the fee Japanese customers paid went into the pockets of the women themselves; the rest was divided between Japanese travel agents, brothel owners, hotels, local tour-guides and pimps.

The Japanese Prime Minister's trips to Manila, Bangkok and other capitals were

marked by protesters chanting 'No more sex tours!'. Japanese women's groups began to take a variety of protest actions. At last sex tourism became a national issue in Japan, discussed even at the Diet (parliament). Travel agents had to refrain from organizing sex tours openly and made it optional for individual tourists to buy women.

As the number of Japanese tourists to the Philippines slumped, Filipina women began to migrate as 'entertainers' to Japan. From the mid-1970s Thai women began to arrive in large numbers, many of them the victims of gangster syndicates organizing the international traffic in women.

Despite limited government action, sex tours continue to thrive, fuelled by the doubling of Japanese men travelling abroad in the last five years to reach 12 million in 1992. One survey reported that one in five men admitted to having bought sex with women abroad.

In the mid-1980s sex tours were a key issue provoking protests both inside and outside Japan. Now they are less visible but taken for granted. The sex-tour business is alive, well and very lucrative – it's simply been driven underground.

BOOK YOUR PLACE IN THE SUN!

On current trends tourism will be the largest industry in the world by the end of the decade. Its growth has been spectacular but under-scrutinized. Tourism in developing countries, so heavily touted as a benefit by the tourist industry, cuts both ways. Here are some basic facts about who travels in the global village and where the money goes: the true price of tourism, and who pays.

The explosion

Over the last 40 years cheap international travel and the growth of leisure-time have made long-distance travel available for a wide range of people in the North.

International tourist arrivals 1950-1990¹
(excluding excursionists)

Year	millions	
1950	25.3	
1960	69.3	
1970	159.7	
1980	284.8	
1990	425.0	

The hook

Developing countries chasing hard currency to service interest charges on debt repayment are sold the idea of tourism as a quick fix to earn foreign exchange – for some of them it has become their most important foreign exchange earner.

Tourism as a percentage of merchandise exports, selected countries 1990

	Total exports ¹	Tourism Receipts ²	Tourism receipts as% of exports
Egypt	2,985	1,994	66.8
Jamaica	1,347	740	54.9
Kenya	1,033	443	42.8
Morocco	4,263	1,258	29.5
Tunisia	3,498	953	27.2
Mexico	26,714	5,324	19.9
Thailand	23,002	4,326	18.8
Philippines	8,681	1,306	15.0

Room service

Tourism is big business. The hotel market is dominated by American multinational corporations who account for 13 of the top 20 operators.

Below are the top ten companies for 1991³

Company Headquarters	Rooms	Hotels
Holiday Inns Inc. Atlanta, GA USA	327,059	1,645
Hospitality Franchise Systems Parsippany, NJ USA	288,990	2,298
Best Western International Phoenix, AZ USA	266,123	3,310
Choice Hotels International Silver Spring, MD USA	214,411	2,295
Accor/Pullman Evry, France	212,500	1,875
Marriott Corp. Washington, DC USA	160,968	698
ITT Sheraton Corp. Boston, MA USA	131,348	423
Hilton Hotels Corp. Beverly Hills, CA USA	94,452	257
Forte Plc London, England	76,330	853
Hyatt Hotels/ Hyatt International Chicago, IL USA	74,801	159

The crowd

High tourist densities can cause tensions between holiday-makers and local communities throughout the world.

Note: Cultural effects are compounded if tourists are concentrated in a few areas.

Tourist Intensity Rate - selected countries⁴
Calculated by comparing tourist numbers with local population. (International tourist arrivals ÷ population × 100)

Bahamas	604.5
Barbados	177.8
Singapore	161.0
UK	27.6
Swaziland	27.4
Morocco	11.8
Mexico	6.8
Egypt	3.9
India	0.2

TO BE RETAINED BY THE AG



the Facts

The customers

International travel has been marketed as a universal benefit in a 'Benetton world' where we just reach out our hands to cross the continents. But who can afford to travel?

Note: 80% of all international travel is made up of nationals of just 20 countries.

Per capita spending on tourism, selected countries 1992^{1,2}

(USDollars)

NZ	392.6
UK	332.9
Canada	316.6
Australia	240.9
US	154.6
Mexico	62.4
Tunisia	22.1
Thailand	15.3
Morocco	7.3
Egypt	3.1
India	0.5
China	0.4

The destination

The developing world's share of the tourist trade has grown to a quarter of all tourist destinations.

International arrivals by region
1950-1990¹

(millions)

	Africa	Americas	East Asia/ Pacific	Europe	M East	South Asia
1950	0.5	7.4	-	16.8	-	-
1960	1.0	16.7	-	50.1	-	0.2
1970	2.8	36.6	-	112.0	-	0.9
1980	7.0	53.7	20.0	196.0	5.8	2.3
1990	14.0	84.0	46.5	271.3	6.0	3.3

The leakage

You may have spent your money in the South, but the profits are unlikely to remain there. A large proportion of hard currency 'earned' by poor countries stays in or returns to rich countries; the money goes to travel companies and for consumer goods to satisfy Western tastes. Few developing countries can meet these sophisticated consumer demands internally.

'Leakage' is an estimate of the percentage of income from tourism returning to the North.

Selected countries	per cent
Aruba ⁵	40
Kenya ⁶ (beach holiday)	70
(safari)	40
Nepal ⁵	47
Sri Lanka ⁷	30
Thailand ⁸	60

CAUTION:

BEFORE BOOKING YOUR HOLIDAY ASK YOURSELF THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS - WHICH THE INDUSTRY IS KEEN NOT TO ANSWER:



What's the environmental impact of tourism on the country I want to visit?
(eg reduction in water available for local population)



Are people forcibly resettled to make way for tourist developments?
(land clearance or local people banned from Nature Parks)



By travelling to this country am I supporting a repressive regime?



Are the jobs created low skill, service-sector and seasonal?



Are my tastes increasing demands for goods/services from the North?
'I want to eat what I can get at home'



Am I booked onto a national airline from the South?



How is my presence influencing young people?
(children lured away from education into selling tourist trinkets)



Am I horrified by 'the beggars and the poverty' or will I understand more about the North-South divide if I go?
(It makes me realize how lucky I am. 'Why can't they run their society like ours?')



How much have my attitudes to a culture/society been changed by the experience of being there?
(I came to escape all of the above. Where's the beach?)

1 World Tourism Organization 2 World Development Report, World Bank, 1992 3 Hotels Magazine, July 1992. 4 David Harrison (ed), *Tourism and the less developed countries*, Belhaven Press, London, 1992 5 Philip English *The Great Escape: an examination of North-South Tourism*, North-South Institute 1986 6 M Sinclair & M J Stabler (eds) *The Tourism Industry: An International Analysis* CAB International 1991 7 Economist Intelligence Unit. Tourism Reports No.1 1993 8 Thai Institute for Development & Administration, Bangkok, reported in *The Nation* 13th March 1990

THE
Ethnic
AWARD



M. ADAMINI / FRANK SPOONER PICTURES



JAMES NACHTWEY/MAGNUM



RIO BRANCO / MAGNUM



PETER V. MUSSON



JOE FISH / REX FEATURES

Superfluous and essential, 'native' culture is being expropriated across Latin America, from Peru to Carnival in Brazil and the Kayapó of the Amazon.

THE
Ethnic
AWARD



"Everything how we like it. Lots of local colour. Staff happy and friendly."

Tone and Angela Duff
Des Moines, Iowa

The NATIVES are friendly!

A taste for the exotic? A vulture of 'indigenous' culture? Trips to the tropics of South America might satisfy your appetite but give you indigestion. ALEX SHANKLAND guides you round the pitfalls.

THE bus has disgorged its load of tourists, who wait with cameras at the ready. The dancers shuffle into place, adjusting their costumes. After the performance, it is announced, visitors may pose for photographs with the dancers. There will be a small extra charge for this privilege.

The scene is a Guaraní Indian village 30 kilometres outside Asunción, capital of Paraguay. The dancers are dressed in a caricatured approximation of the costume their ancestors would have worn when the dance was not a show but the centre of an intense religious life. As the visitors focus their cameras on their friends, spouses or children standing awkwardly with the dancers, what do they see? A rare and potent encounter between civilization's representatives and the noble savage? The degraded and degrading spectacle of a dying culture preserved for its curiosity value by those who have destroyed it? Or simply a nice picture to go in the album

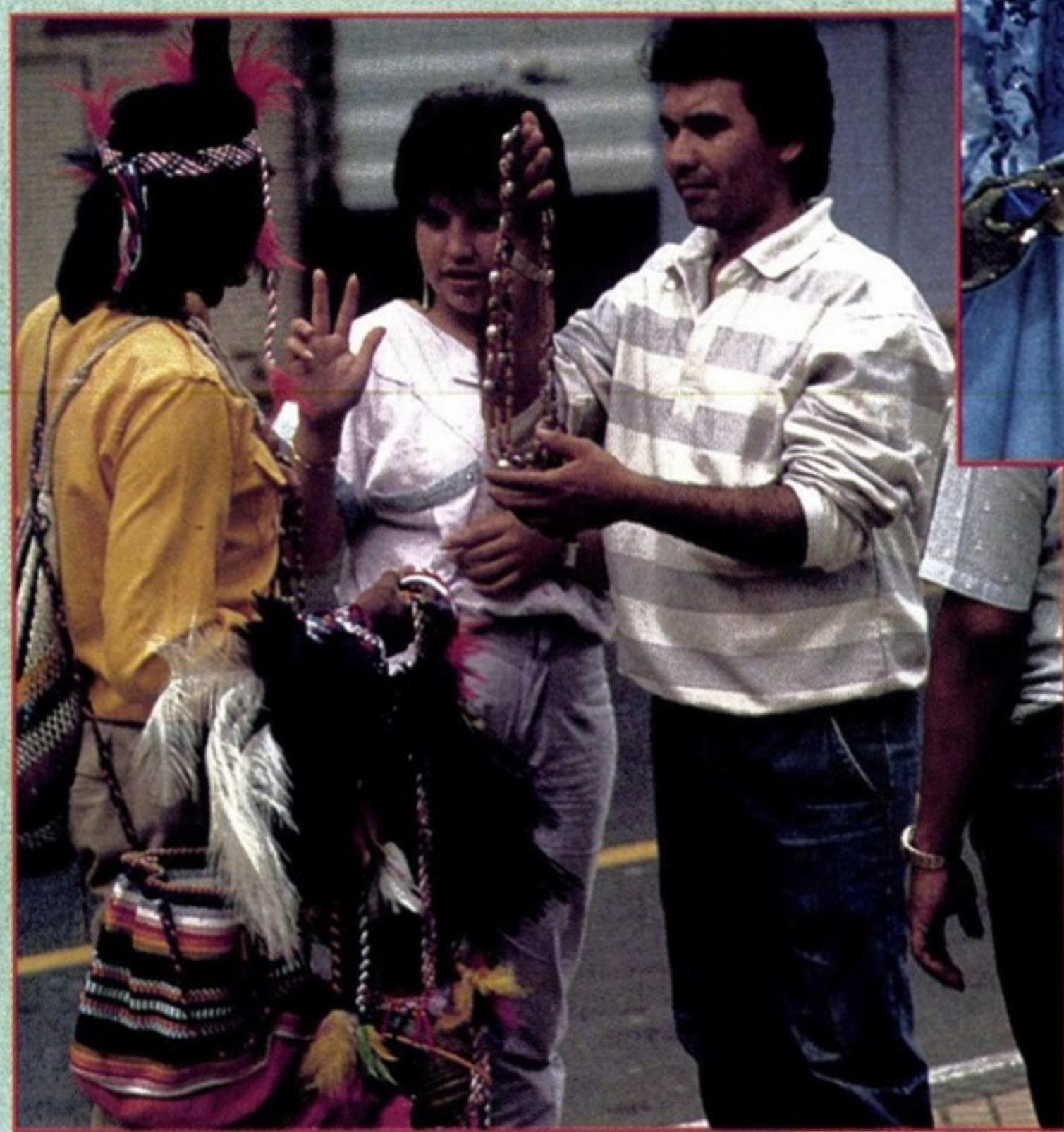
next to the one of the family at the Iguazu Falls?

'The trouble is, the Indians have become mercenary, changing their traditional dances for the tourists' benefit,' says Marcos Chavez, Paraguayan vice-consul in São Paulo. 'The trouble with the Indians is that they don't do any work, they don't produce any wealth, they bring backwardness,' says Bartolomé Quiñónez, former director of Paraguay's international airline LAP. These declarations come from two of the people most responsible for promoting the tourist trade of a country unique in South America for institutionalizing its indigenous heritage. The Paraguayan currency is the Guaraní; Guaraní is taught in schools and, alongside Spanish, constitutes the second national language.

Their statements expose an essential ambiguity. The fact is that South American governments exhort visitors to discover their countries' picturesque Indian villages and unspoilt jungles, while doing every-

thing in their power to dispossess their indigenous peoples and destroy their forests. Themselves thoroughly colonized by Northern values, and with an instinctive belief that 'if the gringos are prepared to pay to see it, it must be good', South America's urban elites pay lip service to the need to preserve the 'purity' of the noble savage's culture to the point where many of them actually start to believe it. Their traditional attitude to Indians as an irritating obstacle to 'development', however, remains essentially unchanged.

Vice-consul Chavez insists that there is an 'enormous potential market' for tourism based on 'getting close to indigenous culture' in his country. The official tourist board's brochure *Paraguay, land of sunshine* is careful to include a picture of a smiling Indian girl. It describes the monumental Jesuit mission ruins in southern Paraguay as 'witnesses of the civilizing, spiritual and cultural legacy of Paraguay from the nineteenth century'. This version



PETER MUSSON



S. MCCURRY / MAGNUM

Guaraní culture for sale on the streets of Asunción (far left) and reclaimed in carnival (right).

of the country's history is based not on 'getting close to indigenous culture', but on forcing the Indians to 'get close' to European culture.

The brochure is silent on the continuing presence of this legacy in the Chaco scrublands of western Paraguay. The Chaco is 'a vast plain crossed by numerous non-navigable rivers... the habitat of an abundant fauna'. The accompanying photograph shows a flock of jaboru storks; there is no mention of the indigenous Chamococo and Maskoi people who still die from unfamiliar diseases, shock and despair in the 'catechism camps' to which they have been brought for 'civilizing' by the Florida-based New Tribes Mission.

Selling natural resources for 'ecotourism' in South America often requires the exclusion of indigenous people. Their presence calls into question the 'untouched' or 'pristine' nature of the wilderness, so essential in attracting jaded city-dwellers. In Bolivia Indians have been expelled from their traditional territories when these have been redesignated as national parks. Most commonly, however, exclusion takes subtler forms, and its effects are not limited to ecotourism or 'indigenous' peoples.

The most familiar example is Carnival. In Bolivia the devil-dancing of Oruro has drawn the participation of so many tourists and members of the urban middle classes that the cost of the fantastically elaborate 'authentic' costumes has been inflated beyond the reach of the traditional indigenous dancers. The parade, in which participation was traditionally limited to men, now includes pretty girls in short-skirted imitations of traditional costume, wearing cutely stylized versions of the bowler hats of indigenous Andean women.

in the parades. It was the violence of the economically excluded, however, which brought about the beginning of a reversal in this cultural exclusion. This year, Rio's worsening reputation frightened many tourists away, and the *favelados* started to claim Carnival back as a truly popular festival.

At the same time, the appropriation of 'noble savage' imagery by the Green movement has had the opposite effect to exclusion: indigenous peoples become indispensable accessories in marketing to environmentally-conscious visitors. Nowhere is this more clearly exposed than in Amazônia.

The Kayapó Indians of the eastern Amazon – championed by media-friendly partners such as the rock star Sting and Anita Roddick of the Body Shop – became fixed as the main symbol of the ecological cause in the minds of thousands of tourists arriving to see Amazônia 'before it's too late'.

Chief Payakan, the most internationally respected of the Kayapó chiefs, was later vilified for having betrayed the ideal of the noble savage by acquiring a car and a house in town on the proceeds of a sawmill operating within the Kayapó's territory. The complexity of his true role as a skilful negotiator who saw the inevitability of the onslaught of exploitation and manoeuvred to limit its impact, securing a material return for his people while keeping the logging and mining as distant from the village as possible, was ignored.

Despite the damage to their image, the Kayapó evidently remain a good bet for tourism; in September this year Payakan will be the guest speaker at the World Congress on Adventure Travel and Ecotourism. The Congress – a joint

production of the US-based Adventure Travel Society, the Brazilian and Amazonas State tourist boards and the UN Environment Programme – will be held in Manaus, capital of the state of Amazonas. It could hardly have chosen a more ironic setting: a city whose mayor likes to distribute chainsaws to settlers, in a state whose Governor has declared that giving land to Indians is a waste of time and that the rainforest should be chopped down and replaced with 'rational' plantations. The local tourist board's blurb on the back cover of the event's brochure is a fine example of the Brazilian sense of humour, referring to the forest as a 'reserve of living things... under the protection of the State of Amazonas', and to Manaus as surrounded by 'practically untouched plant life'.

Hitching a lift on the UN's 'Year for Indigenous People' bandwagon, the Congress' 'Global Objectives' include discussion of the 'opportunities' and 'challenge to protect' indigenous peoples that tourism brings. The idea that cultures need protecting is a curious one; they are a by-product of human societies, and it is these societies that need protection – or simply respect. To respect a society is to respect its right to undergo change.

In western Amazônia's Juruá Valley, most of whose tribes have had decades of contact with non-indigenous society, the Ashaninka people of the River Amônia have been so besieged by visitors and journalists that they have resorted to virtually closing their reserve to visitors. The reason for the Ashaninka's attraction is the photogenic 'authenticity' of their material culture; as opposed to neighbouring groups who have abandoned nudity for shorts and T-shirts, they still wear their distinctive *kitarensi* robes. Few visitors are aware that these robes themselves represent a 'foreign' cultural influence; the Ashaninka copied them from the Incas, whose forest stronghold of Vilcabamba they helped defend against the invading Spanish.

The World Congress on Adventure Travel and Ecotourism guarantees in its brochure that 'tourism is the web that connects the global community... a positive, acceptable and co-operative system to bring the world together'. Bringing the world together, however, requires a good deal more understanding of the complex realities of other people's cultures than a few half-digested clichés can provide. As long as we demand to have our preconceived ideas of indigenous societies reflected back at us we will remain thousands of miles from the Guaraní dancer even when we are standing next to him for a photograph.

Alex Shankland lives in São Paulo, Brazil, and is active in environmental and development projects in western Amazônia. With special thanks to Peter Musson.



MARTIN PARR / MAGNUM

RETURN JOURNEY

The mirror changes hands. Firdaus Kanga reverses the flow of tourism from North to South.

WHERE I grew up we had two kinds of tourists. One wore very few clothes, was usually unwashed and asking us the way to the Gateway of India, to get dope or girls or boys or snakes or god. In Bombay ecstasy was easy to find. The other walked through our minds, wore rather more clothes, was often as unwashed and had names like Jane Eyre or Sarah Woodruff or Fatty or Sunny Jim or Margaret Thatcher. They gave us our poetry and our pictures on the wall and on the screen.

When I came to Britain for the first time, four years ago, it was this second sort of person that I hoped to meet. The brave and hot hippy was too unreal for me, someone to whom I pointed the way and wheeled on. What I didn't quite realize was that in Britain I was that hippy, wearing

thermal underwear on my first day here just as he slipped into his leather sandals and funny beads in India.

And from that first day I was riveted by the idea of reversing the river, moving through Britain as so many from the West passed through my land. The mirror had changed hands. I would hold it up and breathe on it every now and then, wipe off the dirt from the past which obscured the images I saw.

For I had come from a world where Britain was thought of as an old and trusted friend who had got up in the middle of a centuries-long conversation and walked away, leaving behind her furniture, buildings and Keats, Parliament and memories of marmalade. I was a Parsee. My ancestors had come to India a thousand years ago from that ancient Persian empire ruled



MELANIE FRIEND / FORMAT

by Cyrus and Darius and Xerxes. They had become the most trusted allies of another empire. When the last British troops left Bombay my small community gathered at the docks to weep their farewells – or so the story went. Half of me was Anglophile. The other half had grown up with the reality of post-colonial India, the daily tirades from television about the devastation that imperialism had wreaked over our nation.

The colonials had come to India with a film of heat and dust clinging to their eyes. I came into the dark of the night and fog in Britain. But by the time I arrived it was April, the clocks had made their great leap forward and London's sky turned the colour of smoked salmon as the evening wore on. As for fog we were headed straight into the 'summer of a century'. If those were the stereotypes under which we subcontinental creatures lived we could only be grateful that we were not West Indians who, I was told – gently and firmly all over the country – were lazy, dishonest,

rowdy and downright dangerous.

I found it strange that this untouchability had never recognized its twin brother in India where men were born into castes so low that their shadows polluted the high-born. I could remember the horror on the faces of Western visitors when they first heard of the concept, saw the sweepers carrying rubbish on their heads, sons and grandsons condemned to the putrid profession of their forefathers. Yet I knew there was a measure of sophistry to my argument. Things were not the same. Untouchables in India were burnt alive for drinking from a high-caste well or daring to send their children to schools.

Speaking of schools, how deeply Western tourists mourned the gigantic illiteracy of India, the children untaught, the adults unteachable. And I, sunning myself in those first few days in literary circles, was aghast as time went on at how little the English knew; how Macbeth was confused with Hamlet and Yeats with Keats. I was a strange kind of tourist, someone who knew more about the culture of the country he was visiting than of his own.

In India, I would be looking at an old fort or palace with tourist friends who would turn and say hesitantly: 'It's all so spectacular but don't you think you Indians live too much in the past?' With that I could perhaps agree. But the other way was surely worse.

Divorced from their past the British were floundering, like a man so ashamed of his youth that he cut all the connections with his early life, living without memory and therefore without a future; those who cannot remember cannot imagine. To me it seemed that the best thing the British could bring themselves to imagine was life in another land, much as someone might



MICHAEL K NICHOLS / MAGNUM

want to be somebody else.

What a furious teenager I used to be, listening to tourists telling me how 'you Indians might be poor but you are happy. You never see people smiling like that in the West.' I would want to scream – and sometimes I did – that we would rather have food and shelter from the uncaring sun, the over-generous monsoon, than the wide smiles we had found inside ourselves to keep our pain in its secret place. How lovingly the visitors from the West had admired our acceptance, our passive 'yes' to every sorrow. Did they ever stop to ask why we did not stand up and stamp our feet and roar our fury?

Now that poverty was visible once again in their own land the British had become decidedly unromantic about it.

They met it with shame or aversion or advice to get off one's backside and look for a job. I could only grin as I saw some middle-class woman accosted by beggars in the Strand. This, I wanted to wheel up and say to her, was what I





What I did on my holidays; travel snaps in Trafalgar Square (far left). In Goa, India, where the 60s keep coming (centre), and on the beach in Malaysia (below).

'Incredible!' they used to say to me, English friends touring India. 'We met on a train and they invited us home and asked us to stay. And when we left they wrapped us a... a hamper, I suppose. This would never happen at home, in England.' And so they added their tuppence-worth to the storehouse I had grown up with, a granary of hearsay that said no one in Britain ever talked to each other outside of novels – not to neighbours, not in the Tube, not in the shops, not even children to parents. An old uncle had told us how he had asked the man across his garden fence to come in and have a cup of tea. 'What for?' had been the frosty response.

'But the British are so friendly,' said an American woman to me. I for one never stopped talking from the moment I landed. The pleasantries that the English scattered like Hansel's breadcrumbs could be picked up, returned – sometimes there would be a little pause before they put out their hands – and a conversation was off. Silence was like shoes they longed to kick off. Perhaps it was easier because I looked small and my wheelchair seemed to make me unthreatening. But then the American woman was tall as a Californian palm and she had a lovely

pair of legs.

'They used to come hunting for tigers. Now they come hunting for god,' said a dowager aunt to me in Bombay, disapproval curling her tired lips. Bombay – the city where I lived, flesh-pot and money market – was left behind quickly as the tourists climbed into speedy trains that took them to the right ashram but perhaps the wrong guru. Temples thronged with white faces. Pink scalps showed up when lovely blond locks were shaved in penance. Soles turned tough and eyes shot heavenwards. Nirvana was easier to locate in the hot sun, amongst a people who turned to religion to salve a millennium of wounds done to their souls by history. What a line! No wonder the tourists looked so dazed. They might as well have stayed at home. Looking for magic I had found incense.

Even as I laughed I was thinking of Yeats (no, not Keats), how he had said we had to love one another or die. Perhaps more important was to forgive one another – and that would have to start with forgiveness for all the tourists in our wide-eyed heavens. ■

Firdaus Kanga, author of *Trying To Grow* and *Heaven on Wheels* is a writer and critic based in London.

grew up with. This has calloused my heart as surely as the feet of the poor in my sun-seared land. Do you know what it is to be desiccated by the sight of too much pain? Even while I was thinking that, I could feel the rough skin unpeel. The beggars here were closer. They spoke the language in which I thought and wrote, and wore trousers like me instead of loin-cloths or nothing at all.

Most often I patted the dark underbelly of my visit and whizzed on, knowing there would be time enough to stroke it into words later – much later. For now there was the matter of baths and toilets. At home we had no bathtubs. I would love standing in the doorway and watching the astonishment of Western friends faced with a bucket, tap and plastic jug. When I discovered my first disabled loo at a shopping centre in London I swept in with all the panache of a horse on a winning streak. Once inside I discovered things were a little more complicated. The loo would not flush because there was nothing to flush it with. Limp with embarrassment I began to flap my arms in exasperation. Somehow, wondrously, my hand touched the magic tile and the water whooshed.



CHRIS STOWERS/PANOS



PHOTOS: TOP LEFT: MICHAEL NICHOLS / MAGNUM; CENTRE LEFT: BOULAT ALEXANDRA / REX FEATURES; BOTTOM RIGHT: DAVID AUSTEN / FRANK SPOONER.



Mapping out new territory, women venture from underground caves (above) to Kishangarh, India (opposite page).



Go on, be

Women learned to travel the hard way. **Julie Wheelwright** takes a look at what they've seen and where they've been.



a man!

WHEN I was a university student in 1984, daunted by the prospect of travelling alone through Asia, I signed on for a three-month trip with Encounter Overland from London to Kathmandu. But six weeks after crossing the English Channel, I and two other disgruntled women left the group in southern Turkey. Our gleaming orange-and-blue converted British Army truck aroused curiosity but made impossible any real exchange in the villages where we stopped; local people were regarded with intense suspicion.

A few nights before we left, a debate about women's rights erupted in our camp. As we headed south the group's handful of European, Australian and North American men began to express fears about the women's safety. By the time we reached Istanbul our driver warned 'the girls' that in Muslim countries the group would be jeopardized if we ventured into town without a male escort. Many women were affronted by the assumption that we were unable to judge this for ourselves. One Australian woman, who had recently been working for a development project in a predominantly Muslim village in Indonesia, felt particularly insulted that her experience had been completely ignored.

Our concerns about safety were exploited. While men operated on 'Orientalist' assumptions about lecherous Arab men who treated 'their' women 'like dogs', they failed to realize they were flexing their own patriarchal muscles. Since most women automatically weigh the potential danger in any public space, whether it's on a Birmingham street or in a Botswanan village, we were already more sensitive to the different cultural expectations in the countries we were travelling through.

Yet until very recently women wishing to travel independently have been encouraged to equate venturing abroad with male conquest. European history is littered with examples of intrepid male explorers and only very recently have the chronicles of their female counterparts been unearthed. While researching my book on the history of female cross-dressing I discovered dozens of women who had donned trousers, taken a male name and fled the restrictions of their homeland. Isabelle Gunn, an Orkney woman, joined the Hudson's Bay Company as 'John Fubister' in 1806 and canoed 1,800 miles along the Red River; Alida Landaal, fearing harassment if she travelled alone from Amsterdam to Paris in 1814, donned a man's suit and was then pressed into the French army; a century later, the Russian Isabelle Eberhardt crossed North African deserts disguised as an Arab boy, Si Mahmoud.

When women travellers weren't literally masquerading as men, they were often treated as honorary male guests in countries where considerations of race overrode those of gender. They escaped the rigid expectations that their own society placed upon women and found an unprecedented freedom on their journeys.

Rather than forging a new tradition of travel, however, they emulated their male counterparts, couched their observations in no less racist terms and often exploited their hosts.

These early travellers remind us that women are not inherently more enlightened once they leave home. Maggie Moss, co-author of *The Handbook for Women Travellers*, also rejects the essentialist argument that women are more responsible travellers and advocates a 'green' code of tourism. This forms an important component in the seminars for women travellers that Moss runs with Polly Davies at Marco Polo travel in Bristol.

A recently widowed hairdresser from Oxford who attended the seminar was inspired to go abroad for the first time and has now canoed down the Zambezi River. 'It's opened up her eyes to so many possibilities,' says Davies. The seminars, however, are about more than personal liberation. They are also important in educating

women about how to respect local customs, and social structures.

There are also advantages that women travellers might gain from being perceived as less powerful than men. Davies describes the ease with which she befriended women on a journey through Iran where men completely dominate public space. This segregation, however, meant that women invited her into their homes where she once witnessed a demonstration of removing unwanted body hair with cotton thread. Despite the language barrier this grooming session provided Davies with insight into women's lives that would have been denied a male visitor. 'As a woman you can be treated as an honorary man, but you've also got the advantage of seeing what goes on in the home.'

Although a propensity towards responsible travel is a product of socialization rather than biology, the restrictions that Western women face have spawned creative alternatives. Women make up more than 70 per cent of members at Earthwatch, a charitable organization which sends paying volunteers to assist in scientific research. Mark Goodhand, Earthwatch systems manager, says women are often attracted because the programme 'offers a safety element' and an opportunity to use research and conservation skills.

Frances Alexander is the founder of Women Welcome Women (WWW), an international network providing accommodation for women travelling independently, with members from 47 countries. Alexander says women are more concerned about making friends and exploring other cultures through the relationships they develop. But the network, which provides access to free or very cheap accommodation, implicitly acknowledges that women's opportunities to travel are often more restricted by familial responsibilities or economic disadvantages.

Like Polly Davies' example of befriending women in Iran, WWW offers members valuable contact even if they can't travel. In a recent newsletter, Mandomi Elly Sikawa, from Arusha, Tanzania, praises her

three North American visitors, while Sandra Yeo, a Yorkshire teacher describes how she was moved by the Romanians' plight to visit Eva, a WWW member in Oradea. Yeo learned 'what it must be like for a woman my age living there in those conditions'. Helena Herrera from Bogotá describes the significance of a Florida vacation; 'I had to get away from Colombia: too many problems... the drug traders are kidnapping people and it really is a bad moment for us.'

These organizations allow women a greater degree of control both as travellers and as participants in the informal travel industry. In Greece, the socialist government's Sexual Equality Secretariat recognized women's key role in providing services for tourism by establishing Women's Agro-Tourist Co-operatives throughout the country. The co-ops have helped rural women to gain a degree of financial independence. Often illiterate or semi-literate women who may never have left their village are given a bank loan and can keep a five-per-cent commission on the stays in their homes. According to one co-op organizer the enterprise has 'opened the women's spirits... The other dimension is that the co-ops do nothing to harm the environment, they blend in as well as doing something for the women. From my experience, when I mention it to British women, they love the idea.'

Despite the growing enthusiasm for women-only tours and home-stay networks, however, the majority of women are still consumers of highly commercialized package holidays. However for women who travel, the opportunity to challenge the equation between tourism and exploitation remains a significant possibility. As travel writer Jo Stanley commented, 'What we're doing as women travellers is putting ourselves on the front line and challenging the idea that we are confined'.

Julie Wheelwright, a freelance journalist and broadcaster, is the author of *Amazons and Military Maids: Women Who Dressed as Men in Pursuit of Life, Liberty and Happiness* (Pandora).



Trekkers' trove

The lure of wilderness in the Annapurna region of Nepal drew so many visitors that it was being destroyed. Shailendra Thakali tells the story of how his village developed a conservation project that offers a new way forward.



Annapurna stuns from a distance, but close up (inset) the forests are being cleared for lodges.

TOURISM in Nepal started in the Annapurna area, before Everest was climbed. Then a brave and diminutive Sherpa man carried a heavy, frost-bitten 'French Sahib' from the steep, icy slopes of the Annapurna Himal (mountain) and the area became world news... and every trekker's dream.

Within a relatively short trek you cross the lands of the Gurung and Magar peoples living in the world's largest rhododendron forests on land rich in flora and fauna. My family live in the world's deepest valley, Kali Gandaki. The spectacular view of the Dhulagiri and Annapurna ranges from Pun Hill; the mountain heights and valley depths of the Annapurna Sanctuary; the vast Tibetan plateau in the Northern Annapurna: all this has helped to make the area the most popular trekking destination in Nepal. This year's visitors are due to top the 40,000 trekkers who visited in 1992.

But the years of booming tourism brought problems. Lodges

for trekkers proliferated – there are now over 650 in the area and our rhododendron and bamboo

forests were cleared to make way for them. Rapid deforestation resulted in landslides and soil erosion. Rubbish accumulated and water became polluted. The social life of local residents began to change beyond recognition and in response to this we campaigned to make the region Nepal's first conservation area. In 1986 the King Mahendra Trust for Nature Conservation, Nepal's leading environmental organization succeeded in launching the Annapurna Conservation Area Project (ACAP).

ACAP's approach is 'putting the local interest first'. Unlike national parks and reserves in Nepal, it didn't drive local residents off the land or seek military assistance. It invested in people. Local representative committees were encouraged to participate in all areas affecting them: health, education, infrastructure improvements, tourism, forestry and agriculture. In 1988 the project was granted permission to collect entry fees from visiting trekkers. The revenue has been used to create an endowment fund for future projects. Above all, ACAP invested in conservation education and extension programmes. The project emphasized changing attitudes among local residents, managers, workers and, not least, the trekkers themselves.

In June 1991, I attended a meeting of about 60 local lodge owners in the stone-paved courtyard of a local lodge in the Southern Annapurna area of Western Nepal. The day was clear and under the shadow of Annapurna and Machhapuchhare Himal we discussed a proposal to relocate nine lodges in the Annapurna Base Camp area.

The Base Camp is a sacred place for the local Gurung people and used to be visited only by local hunters and herders who took shelter in caves. Today there are 26 well-built lodges along the trail. Trekkers had complained at the lack of wilderness. The meeting was called to discuss new locations for lodges, this time at three- or four-hour intervals, based on the walking distance between lunch and an overnight stay. At one location there would be at least three lodges sharing a common camping ground. The new arrangement would make it easier to monitor conditions and manage Base Camp.

During the meeting Min Bahadur Gurung, the Chairman of the Ghandruk Conservation Committee, made this plea: 'You (lodge owners) have built lodges on the public lands, some of which are vital for access to our livestock. You, who live a long way from the community in the forest, are using more fuel-wood and exploiting forest resources beyond the quota set by the Conservation Committee. You are piling up

rubbish, sometimes on our sacred sites and also polluting our water courses. Despite all these things, seeing you make a good income from tourism and your children getting better education, we had no complaints. However... if you still fail to pay attention to increasingly poor sanitation and safety standards, inefficient use of fuel-wood and building bigger and more lodges, you are not only jeopardizing your trade, you are risking our livelihood, too... When worse times come, you will be hardest hit. You have forgotten your traditional agricultural skills... Therefore, if you still pay no attention to maintaining resource quality in our area... tourism will be doomed and you will become useless not only to your family... but for your community, too.'

There was tension – and scepticism from local lodge owners. Who was behind the proposal? The issue lingered for a long time and sometimes led to intense personal attack. If it had come from those lodge-owners who had no real interest in Base Camp the proposal would surely have been turned down. If it had come from the villagers they would surely have had it settled by the village council. But it came from their own committee, from their own representatives. The meeting went on for nine hours and finally the proposal was endorsed.

At the end of May, when the spring trekking season ends, Lodge Management Committees of all villages in the Annapurna Area meet and discuss their plans. They control every aspect of lodge management from menu pricing to sanitation and send their plans to ACAP. Today the villages of Southern Annapurna are full of committees and groups for virtually everything. Each winter they decide on community works: bridges, schools, drinking water systems and trails. In midsummer they deal with forest and agricultural programmes. Women's groups raise money by singing and performing dances in honour of visitors. Their funds are invested in community programmes and projects aimed at improving women's standing in their communities.

The villagers in the Southern Annapurna no longer hunt or collect more fuel-wood and timber than they require. The forests no longer belong to the Government, but to their own communities. ACAP's success has earned them management rights for another ten years. After that, ACAP hopes that local people will be able to manage their lands and affairs by themselves, without much help from either their Government or other agencies.

Shaileendra Thakali is Conservation Officer for the Annapurna Conservation Area Project. He is currently completing the social anthropology MA in travel and tourism at Roehampton Institute, Southlands College, Wimbledon Parkside, London, SW19 5NN.



The Good Tourist's Charter

Simply

- 1 Don't rely on guidebooks. Learn as much as you can from other sources (indigenous writers, independent newspapers, films etc). Try to understand the different cultures of the place you're visiting on their own terms and behave appropriately. For example, don't visit religious places semi-clothed.
- 2 Look at your own mindset. Try to understand why people behave differently: concepts of time, for example, vary between cultures. Don't demand special privileges, like better access to transport and services.
- 3 Don't steal pictures. In some cultures it's more than invasive to have your picture taken. Ask if it's OK for you to take someone's photograph and be ready to offer or exchange something you have.
- 4 If you make a promise to send a letter or photograph then keep it.
- 5 Use locally-produced goods and services - from your choice of airline through to the food you eat.
- 6 Respect the local environment. Try to be a guest rather than a colonizer.
- 7 Don't go somewhere if you think that being a tourist there supports a repressive regime.
- 8 Ask yourself - why am I going? Consider using international networks that can help you to stay with local families rather than in hotels.

Some points adapted from Guide notes for responsive travel published by Centre for the Advancement of Responsive Travel (CART).

Suggested reading:

On responsible tourism; *Holidays That Don't Cost The Earth* by John Elkington & Julia Hailes (Gollancz) *The Good Tourist* Katie Wood & Syd House (Mandarin) *Handbook For Women Travellers* Maggie & Gemma Moss (Piatkus)

A tourist trade worth having...

IMAGINE you're a Third World tourism minister looking for investment to start a tourist industry. You've managed to interest some developers. They put together tempting assessments of the foreign currency that will be earned by their schemes. One plan is to build a prestige hotel complex 'as a badge of national status'. But do you need it? Here are some of the questions you'll need to ask and principles you should try to follow if you want to construct a tourist trade worth having.

1 Is the project acceptable to and needed by the communities who will be affected? What are your consultation procedures? How effective are they?

2 Base your plan on clear development objectives and a full understanding of the market-place. What kind of tourists do you want to attract? How realistic are your plans? How much of any income

will 'leak' back to the North?

3 Commission a genuinely independent environmental impact report on your plans. Once the results are through ensure that its findings are fully implemented. Assess the social impact and be ready to abandon plans for tourism if necessary.

4 How effectively will income be distributed in the local economy? Will only a handful of wealthy owners benefit? How will you measure its effects? How much local involvement and control is built in?

5 What supporting services - water, electricity, roads, etc - will the new industry need? How is international transport co-ordinated with local transport?

6 Do you want to encourage the growth of local hotels and guest houses - or leave an international chain to 'do it for you'?

Drawn up with suggestions from Robert Cleverdon of the University of North London

Suggested reading:

Beyond the Green Horizon. A discussion paper on principles of sustainable tourism. (Worldwide Fund for Nature & Tourism Concern 1992).

Be my Guest: An Introduction to Tourism's Impact by Alison Stancliffe. Teaching pack for students (15+) exploring the global effects of tourism. (Available from Tourism Concern see Action Section opposite for address).



The Last Gasp

In defence of the package tour

TRAVEL has traditionally been the preserve of the rich – at least that was until the advent of the package tour. Now, with ludicrously low airfares and high-rise hotels, nowhere in the world is out of reach of anyone with a few savings in their pocket and a spare fortnight to indulge themselves. But who would begrudge the masses their annual exodus *en masse*, and on what possible grounds?

There's no compulsion for anyone to join what I can only believe to be a sweaty phalanx of the West's working class in their quest for sun, sand, sea and sex, heavily laced with home-brew beer. For the package-deal operation to be profitable, the holiday-maker must be squeezed into as small a space as possible, both in the air and on the ground. Thus contained, the locals and the rich can enjoy the country, totally unaffected by anything happening

below (save for the cheaper airfares should they wish to travel by Air Sardine Can). I have stayed with friends within a bass-guitarist's beat from Magaluf in Majorca, a haven for thousands in kiss-me-quick hats and those with a penchant for loud music. Apart from going into town to buy a copy of *The News of the World* (Britain's popular gutter-press Sunday paper), we could have been staying in a shepherd's hut in the wilds, only we were actually in their perfectly lovely, fully-staffed villa.

Far more damaging are the new breed of adventure holidays, where groups in four-wheel-drive lorries carve up ecologically sensitive parts of the world and intrude on the lives of the natives, not to mention their animals. Having been photographed putting up tents in Kashmir by a group of Punjabis on undersized ponies, I know exactly what it is like to be treated as a native oddity.

The package holidaymakers do no lasting damage, except possibly to themselves by over-indulging in beer, sex and ultraviolet rays. The prime function of the locals is to exploit the holidaymaker to the full – possibly it is they, the holidaymakers, who should be protected from the locals. At least that is the right way round. Nor are the locals in resorts being corrupted by their visitors. They are far too busy taking those hard-earned savings off them – and looking forward to the off-season when they lead their own lives – to worry about such excesses.

Allow the rich, as they have done for centuries, to buy their own exclusivity. Let the anthropologist show us other lives on television. But, above all, leave the package holiday to those to whom it is geared. In the words of the hymn, let it remain 'You in your small corner, and I in mine', and everyone should be well content.

Nicholas Courtney is a royal biographer and the former General Manager of the privately-owned Island of Mustique, West Indies.



THOMAS HOEPKER / MAGNUM

If you AGREE with Nicholas Courtney DON'T CONTACT the following organizations – they are campaigning to change the tourist trade.

Action Section

Aotearoa/New Zealand

Ron O'Grady (writer on tourism issues), PACE publishers, Auckland PO Box 15774, Aotearoa/NZ. Tel; 64-9815220 Fax: 64-981-73574

Australia

Australian Council of Churches, PO Box C199, Clarence St, Sydney 2000, New South Wales, Australia, Tel 61-229-2215, Fax 61-226-24514.

Europe

Third World European Network on Tourism (TEN), Zeb, Nikolaus Otto Str 13, D-7022 Leinfelden - Echterdingen,

Germany, Tel 49-711-700-8285, Fax 49-711-700-8123.

Hawaii

Hawaii Ecumenical Coalition, 4504 Kakai St, Suite 16, The New Pacific House, Kapa'a, Kauai, Hawaii, Tel 808-822-7444, Fax 808-822-3446.

India

Equations/Equitable Tourism Options, 168 8th Main Rd, Near Indiranagar Club, Bangalore 560 008, India, Tel 91-812-582-313, Fax 91-812-582-627 Attn 20. The Goa Foundation, Above Mapusa Clinic, Mapusa, Goa 403507, India, Fax 91-832-43231.

Japan

Japanese Men's Group Against Prostitution in Asia, Tel / Fax (Tokyo) 81-3-3220-0347. Asian Women's Association (Campaigning against sexual abuse), Sakuragaoka, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo 155, Japan, Tel/ Fax 81-3-34639752.

Nepal

Annapurna Conservation Area Project (ACAP) Headquarters, Ghandruk Village, Ghandruk Village Committee, Kaski District, Nepal.

Thailand

Ecumenical Coalition on Third World Tourism, PO Box 24,

Chorakhehua, Bangkok 10230, Thailand, Tel 66-2-519-2606, Tel / Fax 66-2-510-7287. (They publish *Contours & Concern for Tourism*).

UK

Tourism Concern, Froebel College, Roehampton Lane, London SW15 5PJ, UK, Tel (81)-878-9053, Fax (81) 392-3331 Attn 'Tourism Concern'.

US

Responsible Traveling (North America Coordinating Center for Responsible Tourism), PO Box 827, San Anselmo, CA 94979, US, Tel 415-258-6594, Fax 415-454-2493.



Culture clash: Michael Douglas' American Dream is *Falling Down*.



Falling Down

directed by Joel Schumacher

Falling Down follows the fraying of a white-collar man as the American Dream is unravelled for him. In one of his most intense performances yet, Michael Douglas plays an aggrieved former defence worker who goes AWOL one blistering June day. Abandoning his traffic-jammed car, he treks across a worn-down and smog-wan LA in search of his estranged wife and child, causing mayhem on the way.

Despised by some critics in the US who view it as nothing more than a flashily directed vigilante movie, *Falling Down* is actually far more complicated – a picaresque tale richly littered with conflicting allusions.

The scenes most often cited follow Douglas – nicknamed 'D-Fens' after his license plate – as he trespasses into South Central and confronts first a Korean store owner, then some gang members. It is here that D-Fens' racism is most apparent – 'Speak English' is his battle cry. These are uncomfortable moments that give the film its nervy edge. But as his quest goes on it becomes clear that D-Fens' targets are much more diverse. Indeed he finds himself identifying with a smartly dressed black guy hauling a placard inscribed 'Not economically viable'.

This is the problem – the Depression has caught up with the 'respectable' class and so the backbone of America is finally cracking under the burden of its own expectations. This ordinary Joe is to Uncle Sam what the Fool is to King Lear, speaking his mind about flabby fast-food chains, about rich plastic surgeons installed in extravagant mansions.

But when he finally confronts a ranting neo-Nazi who has been building up his own arsenal, he is shocked to find that the pugnacious fascist identifies with him. 'I am an American,' he protests. 'In America we have the right to freedom of speech.' Freedom if you speak in English, that is.

Falling Down is not an elegy to D-Fens and his dying breed. Rather it provocatively unpacks his character with all its attendant, often ugly fears and lays them bare. It is an honest film that suggests just how unstable the US is – a country whose d-fenses are falling down.

Politics☆☆☆
Entertainment☆☆☆



Bang!

by World Party (Ensign/Chrysalis)

World Party's last album was *Goodbye Jumbo* – an eco-friendly soft-rock affair, delicately set with Beatlesque harmonies. Now Karl Wallinger and his two collaborators have come up with *Bang!* – possibly about the end of the world; certainly about conversations with God, lassitude and a strange feeling of going under. Somehow it feels more significant than surprising that the bang in question – featured at the end of the single *Is It Like Today?* – is a whispered, plosive syllable.

For all the sensationalism of World Party's subject-matter, *Bang!* is actually a highly approachable album. It casts an uncomprehending eye at a world which in song after song poisons both natural and personal environments. There's one track – mocked up to resemble a Bach oratorio – that has just two lines: 'And God said "Look after the planet!" / But man said "Fuck you!"' Which is one way of

expressing a succinct exasperation at the state of the globe.

But for all its hair-tearing, *Bang!* is also a classic album with an adventurous attitude towards musical sources. Producer Steve Lillywhite (of U2 and Pogues fame) has given enormous space for diverse textures. If the Neil Young-ish strummers and Beatles orchestrations remain familiar, then the big funk sounds and the sampling of voices (from Sir John Gielgud to Bertrand Russell) are defiantly new. So too is *Give It All Away*'s reprise: a 30-minute journey that starts with thrash metal, has a funky segué into 24 seconds of silence (John Cage lives!), before ending in a deliciously black-humoured Beach Boys pastiche with the singalong chorus line 'There ain't no sun in Kuwait City'.

World Party occupy the same restless space as outfits like Talking Heads and REM – rock bands gifted with the confidence and competence to stray from the genre and embrace big concepts. Wallinger, World Party's principal writer, is an impassioned communicator who preaches gracefully through a collusion of images which speak for themselves – surfing songs and oil slicks or a dreamy Hollywood where the enchantment of the movie lot saps all individual will.



The articulate Karl Wallinger.

Bang! steps back, looks at the world and, with the benefit of music that's above all witty, succeeds in personalizing the issues it addresses. And that, given the vacuity of most rock, is some achievement.

Politics☆☆☆
Entertainment☆☆☆



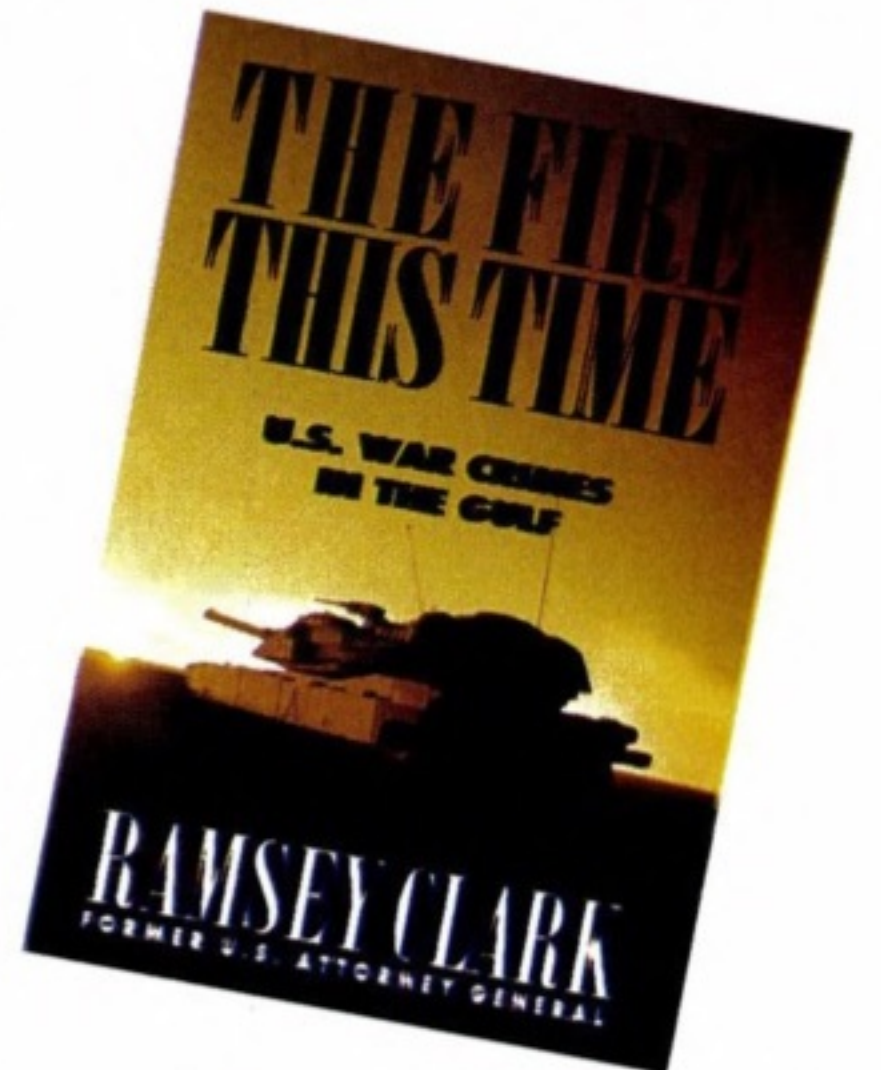
The Fire This Time

by Ramsey Clark (Thunder's Mouth)

Ramsey Clark is a remarkable man. US Attorney-General in the 1960s, he has devoted himself since to some straightforward

principles of international justice and applied them without fear or favour to his former chums in the US political establishment.

After events like the US invasion of Panama or the 1992 Los Angeles riots he assembles a 'tribunal', collects evidence and publishes a testament that historians will doubtless come to find



more reliable than anything served up by official propaganda.

So now we have chapter and verse on the Gulf War, the formative event of a proposed New World Order. Those of you whose interest was aroused by *NI 236* (*The Gulf in Flames*) should do your best to read this, for all that the prose is rather heavy going. Clark argues that the War was far more shameful – and shameless – than we suggested. 'As the evidence proves beyond reasonable doubt,' he writes, 'the United States planned its assault on Iraq for years, and provoked Iraq to invade Kuwait to justify a US reaction.' The purpose was to secure US control over Gulf oil.

Clark's tribunal of 22 judges from 18 nations found that in the process the US and its principal officers committed war crimes on 19 different counts, including genocide. For the record, a quarter of a million Iraqis were slaughtered. Large parts of their country were rendered uninhabitable. Environmental imperatives were blithely brushed aside. To this day the US Government and its cronies persecute the Iraqi people with a blockade that denies them the most basic necessities of life.

Clark is no armchair moralist: he went into Iraq to collect evidence on the US bombing while it was at its most intense. The book opens with a moving account of what he found. No doubt he is reviled by the robotic power-brokers of Washington. But he has done the rest of us, and indeed the country he evidently loves with a sorrowful passion, a great service. He reminds us of a nobler America, of other Americans who share with him a radical, humane tradition and a keen perception of the wider world over which the US

— for the moment — holds sway unopposed.

The book ends with proposals for world peace that ten years ago would have read like fantasy. Now they have an urgent relevance: 'so that those who care', he writes, 'can light a candle rather than curse the darkness.' An illuminating fire this time. Forget the entertainment, read the politics. You won't be disappointed.

Politics ☆☆☆☆
Entertainment ☆

State of the World 1993

by Lester R Brown and others
(Worldwatch Institute/Earthscan)

Has the world a future? Can it survive the use to which we, the five billion or more of humankind, are subjecting it? The first step towards finding some sort of answer is to study the many environmental issues that this deceptively simple question subsumes.

That is the task which the staff of the Worldwatch Institute in Washington have set themselves. For ten years they have published the **State of the World** report. It is now printed in 27 languages and can fairly claim to have won semi-official status.

'One of these years we would like to write an upbeat **State of the World**,' says the foreword. But they go on to lament that even though more and more people are becoming concerned about the environment, too few are working yet to reverse the trends of decline. As Lester R Brown writes at the end of a comprehensive introductory review, 'We know what we have to do. If our generation does not turn things around, our children may not have the option of doing so.'

This is an important book, but do not take 'important' as meaning tedious, or written in pompous internationalese. Facts and figures are given in plenty but they are marshalled and illuminated in a way that carries the reader along. And if you have an appetite for facts, you should perhaps also take a look at the Worldwatch Institute's latest venture, **Vital Signs 1992-1993**, which, in bite-sized chunks, summarizes global trends across the board from grain stocks to military expenditure, from cigarette smoking to oil production.

Politics ☆☆☆☆
Entertainment ☆☆

STAR RATING

Excellent ☆☆☆☆
Very good ☆☆☆
Good ☆☆☆
Fair ☆☆
Poor ☆

Reviews editor: Chris Brazier

THE classic

A Guest of Honour

...being the book that brought Africa's turbulent politics alive

WHEN I first read Nadine Gordimer's **A Guest of Honour** in the early 1980s, its themes of ideals subverted and trust betrayed struck me as painfully relevant to the upheavals in newly independent Zimbabwe. A decade on and the parallels have widened beyond Africa, hope decaying into cynicism in the infant nations of Eastern Europe and the fragments of the Soviet Union. While this continuing topicality reveals the limits of our capacity to learn from past mistakes, it says much for the talents of an author able to maintain such freshness while telling a story rooted in its own time and place.

The novel focuses on James Bray, who was once expelled from a British Central African colony for supporting the nationalist struggle and now returns soon after independence. Unsure of his motives for coming back — torn between a desire to 'be useful' and a feeling that he has no right to intervene in this developing country — he embarks on his allotted task of touring the country in order to prepare a blueprint for a new education system.

His travels involve him in the escalating power struggle between Adamson Mweta, the reformist President and Edward Shinza, father-figure to the independence movement but, as a leftist, out of favour in the pragmatic, Western-leaning state. Bray's inclination is to attempt to act as a bridge between the two opposing camps; he is sure that it is possible to synthesize the best qualities of each. However, he is not naive about the difficulties involved. **A Guest of Honour** has many strands and can be read on many levels; as a well-paced political thriller, a novel of ideas, a plea for tolerance and as a particularly poignant love story. It never descends into simplistic denunciation of the evils of colonialism and development economics, preferring to allow the picture to emerge from the details of the story — Bray's education reforms, for instance, have almost nothing on which to build, the colonial administration having developed no school system for 'the natives'. Our empathy is engaged by the actions of realistic, rounded characters and, like Bray, we wish the Government to succeed. Our disillusionment with the creeping corruption and violence comes gradually, as does his, and when, late in the novel, Bray abandons his

increasingly impossible balancing act and throws in his lot with Shinza, we applaud the decision, despite the hopeless nature of the cause and the violence that comes in its wake. Gordimer brilliantly depicts the fragmentation of society, rapidly intercutting between characters with differing views of the chaos, and conveys the horrific ease with which the unthinkable becomes 'normalized' into everyday life.

It may seem that this is a particularly gloomy and negative book to present as a classic. But it engages the reader in a debate about morality and idealism that is all too rare in these materialist, 'greed is good' times; and it brings alive the sheer excitement of involvement in the making

of history. Gordimer presents the case as it is rather than how we would like it to be. The only comparable recent novel is Thomas Keneally's *Towards Asmara*, which made no bones about its partisan support for the Eritrean people's struggle.

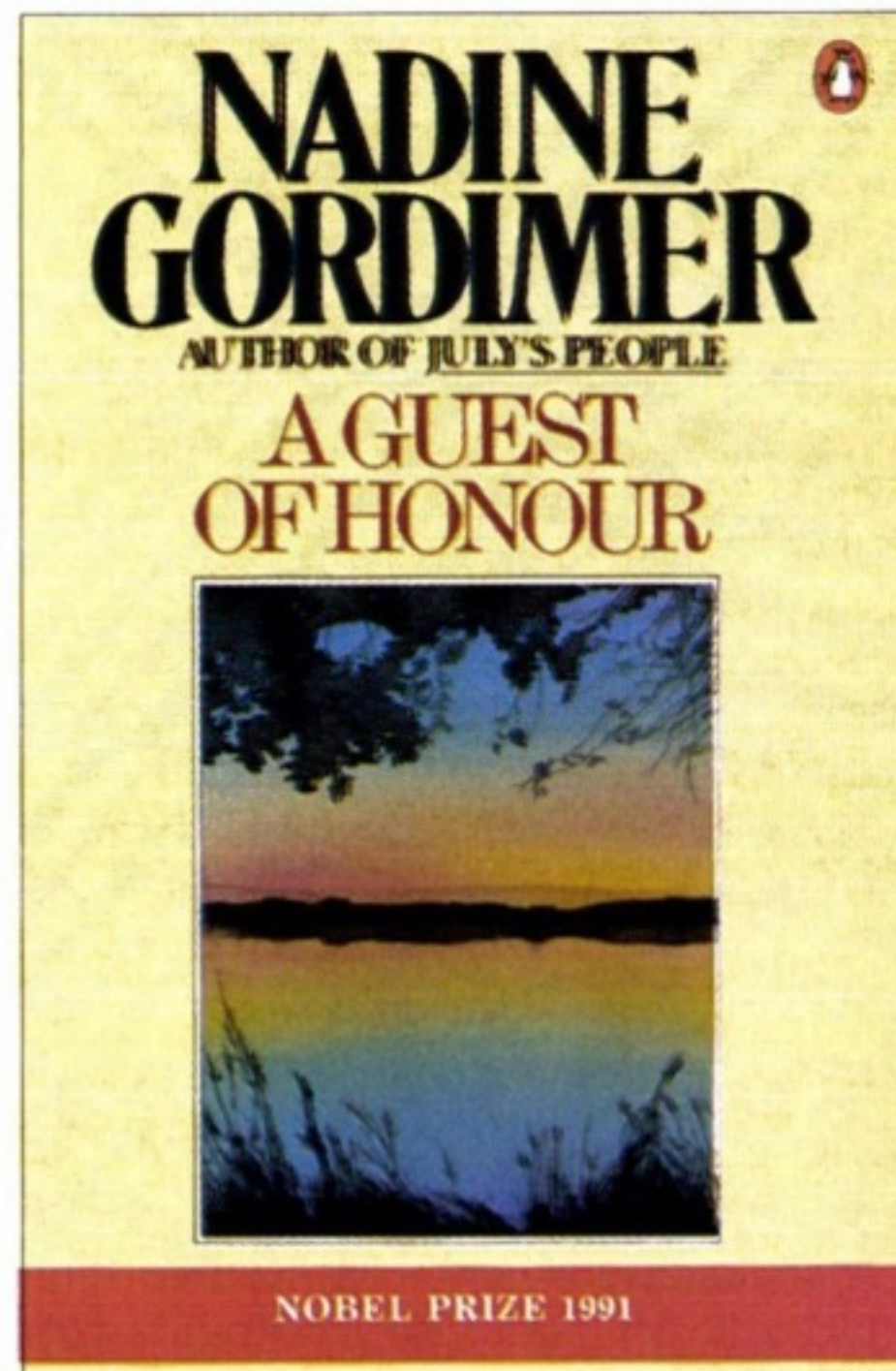
Events in Africa and the rest of the world both before and, unfortunately, since the publication of the book bear out its prognosis that high hopes and good will are not enough. If we *are* to learn from mistakes then the message from this wise and sadly prophetic book should be trumpeted loud and clear. At one point Shinza recommends to Bray that he read a particular passage of Frantz Fanon. It runs: '...everything

seemed to be so simple before: the bad people were on one side, and the good on the other. The clear, the unreal, the idyllic light of the beginning is followed by a semi-darkness that bewilders the senses. The people find that the iniquitous fact of exploitation can wear a black face, or an Arab one; and they raise the cry of "Treason!" But the cry is mistaken; and the mistake must be corrected. The treason is not national, it is social. The people must be taught to cry "Stop thief!" In their weary road towards rational knowledge the people must also give up their too-simple conception of their overlords.'

A Guest of Honour is about the choices we make and the sides we take. In the end, like Bray, we may find that reasonable, rational decisions lead to uncomfortable or calamitous outcomes. There are no easy answers or glib solutions here, just the conviction that an honest search for understanding by fallible human beings can lead to an impartial, distanced view becoming an unsustainable luxury. ■

Peter Whittaker

A Guest of Honour by Nadine Gordimer



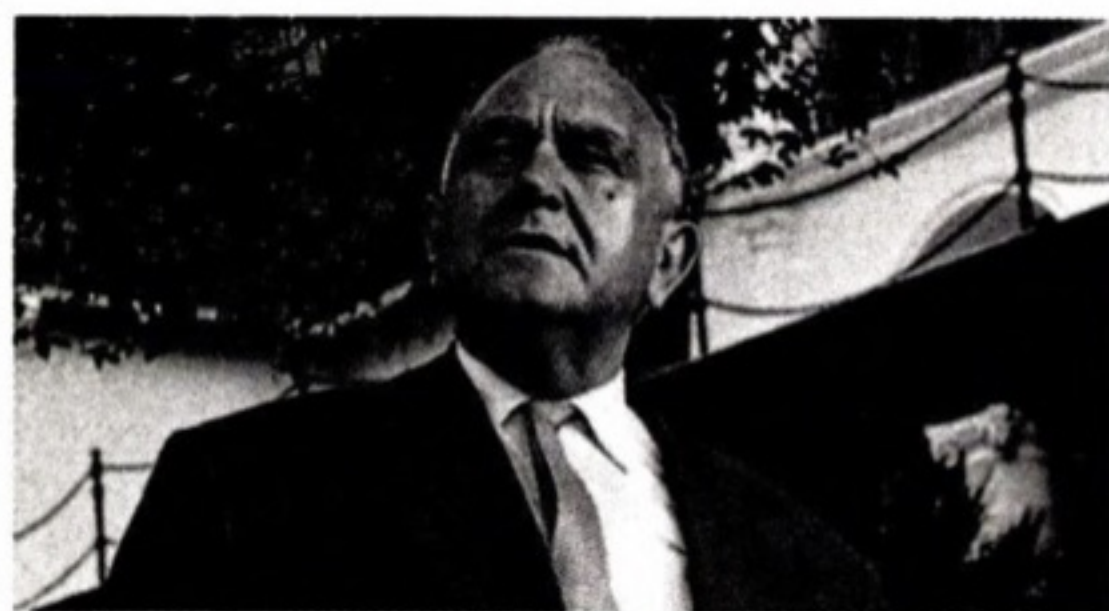


QUESTIONS

...that have always intrigued you about the world will appear in this, your section, and be answered by other readers. Please address your answers and questions to 'Curiosities'.

What are the origins of the expression 'ethnic cleansing'?

● South African apartheid (based largely on Nazi racism) set the standards for ethnic cleansing. The idea of 'cleaning out' people of a different race is implicit in the official South African Government phrase 'black spots must be removed' – with the result that three-and-half million blacks were forcibly



Dr Verwoerd – the 'creator' of ethnic cleansing?

removed from their homes and dumped in apartheid's bleak 'homelands'. The connection with Nazism is even clearer when you consider that in 1937 Dr Verwoerd – 'creator' of apartheid – helped stop immigration into South Africa of Jewish refugees from Nazi Germany with the words: 'any further admission of Jews into South Africa will lead to the defiling of our white race.'

Len Clarke
Uxbridge, UK

Which is more politically correct – 'South America' or 'Latin America'? What should we call different parts of the old USSR? Do categories like 'the East' and 'the West' make sense any more? And what about 'the North' and 'the South'?

● As a student of development issues it is a constant struggle to stay up to date with what might or might not be 'politically correct' with respect to labelling both regions and issues which are of concern to the world.

Many of the terms that have developed over the past few decades serve the function of differentiating 'us' from 'them'. By using terms such as 'North and South', 'developed and underdeveloped' or labels like 'Third World' we are perpetuating a detachment which is no longer appropriate to resolving the global issues of our time. We are also avoiding the important academic responsibility of accurately identifying topics of interest. To discuss the Third World or the former Soviet Union and then to use examples from only a few of the countries implied by this designation involves irresponsible over-generalization.

As my Development Studies professor has remarked: 'if you're talking about Kenya, then call it "Kenya" and not "the developing world", "an underdeveloped country", "the Third World"...'

Jenny McMordie
Calgary, Canada

Why are mosquitoes not on the list of transmitters of HIV?

● In addition to the response in NI 243, it's been calculated that the risk of transmission of HIV following a needlestick injury with infected blood is one in 275. The mosquito's proboscis is much smaller than a needle so that the amount of blood transferred is going

to be considerably less, as will be the risk of transmission.

Pat Charles
Melbourne, Australia

The AIDS virus can only reproduce in a few mammals and even in them it has a limited repertoire of cells in which it can multiply. This means that, unlike the malaria parasite, it could not reproduce in a mosquito.

Epidemiologists studying the pattern and spread of AIDS in Africa and in other areas where mosquito populations are large tell us that if insects spread AIDS there would be a lot more infected children and old people.

Alison McLaughlin
Ontario, Canada

AWAITING YOUR ANSWERS

Is it true that Elzeard Bouffin – 'the man who planted trees' in the Alps – never existed and that the story was invented to encourage replanting of the forest in that area?

Steve Lamb
Lasquite Is, Canada

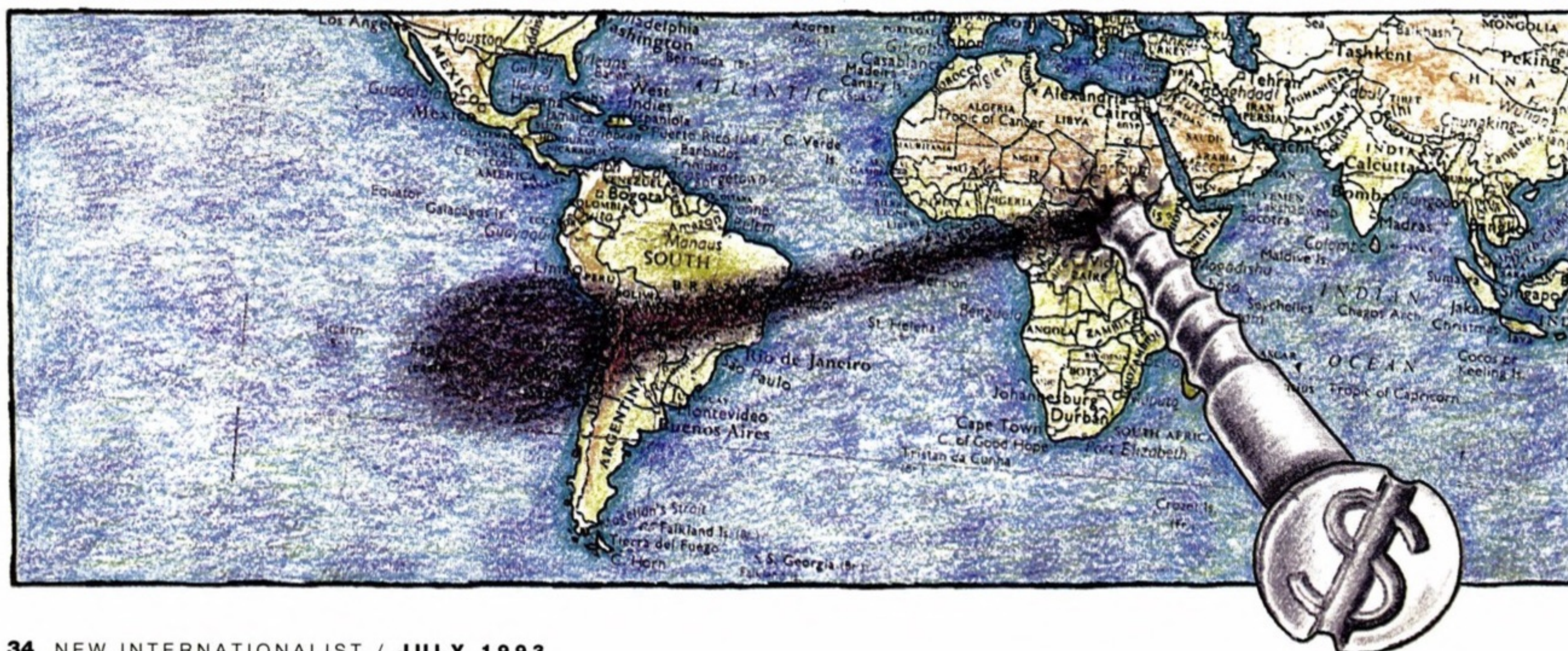
I've recently discovered loo roll made from cotton which is so soft I find it difficult to believe that I can use it with a clear conscience. Can anyone advise me whether it's likely to have been produced in circumstances that are environmentally friendly and politically correct.

Jenny Viseck
London UK

If you have any questions please send them to **Curiosities, New Internationalist, 55 Rectory Road, Oxford OX4 1BW, UK**, or your local NI office (see inside front cover for addresses).



KEEPING THE WORLD ECONOMY TURNING



Stealing children

Northern couples who 'legally' adopt children from Honduras may never imagine that the children have been stolen from their mothers. Mary Durran exposes the evil intricacies of a heartbreaking racket.

CHILDLESS couples in the US have for many years looked to Central America for healthy, attractive babies for adoption. Many babies have come from Honduras, where Liberal Deputy Rosario Godoy estimates as many as 90 per cent of adoptions are illegal. According to Ms Godoy, the lucrative baby trade netted over two million dollars during the last nine months of 1991. Civil servants, court officials and over 60 lawyers are implicated in the racket.

The lawyers, who earn about \$12,000 in legal fees per child, operate through a network of intermediaries, normally poor women living in urban areas. These women are paid about \$100 for each baby they find. Sometimes babies and children are literally snatched from their parents and the woman is paid to pose as the mother. Using a false birth certificate, obtained from corrupt civil servants in the National Registry offices, the 'mother' gives up the baby for adoption. In some cases, women are recruited to 'breeding houses' and paid to produce babies specially for adoption.

In a slum area of Comayagua, Honduras, a wobbly wooden plank placed over a stinking open sewer separates Juana's home from the main dirt track. Flies buzz around in the afternoon heat, and stray dogs doze outside the door of her tumble-down shack. Juana is a forceful, robust woman who at 38 has already given birth to nine children. She is also a typical victim of the unscrupulous lawyers who operate the illegal and semi-legal trade.

'First they took away my eight-day-old baby girl,' she said. 'I'd left her with a neighbour while I went to work and when I came back, they had taken her away.' According to Juana, her baby girl, Margarita, was stolen by agents of Tegucigalpa lawyer Gustavo Manzanares – whose name is repeatedly linked to the illegal adoption racket.

'Then Maria Elena, the intermediary, tried to persuade me to give up my eight-year-old son, Yoyito, and my 13-year-old daughter, Rosa Graciela, to the orphanage run by the National Welfare Board. She said they'd be given a good education and everything else they needed.'

Desperately poor, Juana felt under great pressure. But she wasn't sure about this...

'Six months after they stole my baby girl, my son Yoyito was playing in the park. His friends say they came and took him away.'

His older sister Rosa Graciela was taken away in a similar fashion. Juana thought the children had been taken to a state orphanage in Tegucigalpa and took a job nearby as a maid so that she could visit them. She discovered that they were actually being kept in 'fattening houses' run by associates of Gustavo Manzanares and in two years she got to see the children only once.

'When I saw reports in newspapers that Gustavo Manzanares was being accused of offering jobs to pregnant women and then stealing their babies, I decided I wanted my children back.'

Rosario Godoy helped Juana recover the two elder children. Rosa Graciela brought back with her photographs of two elderly

North American women who wished to adopt her. The women had already adopted two East Asian teenage girls, raising the suspicion that Rosa Graciela might really have been wanted for prostitution.

But Juana was unable to recover her baby girl, who was adopted by a North American couple. 'I don't even know where she is now. The last time I saw her was almost three years ago.'

Juana and her children are not unique. A great many poor Honduran families are being broken up and exploited in this way. Take the case of Maria Dolores, who agreed to give up for adoption her four-year-old son Nelson and then found adoption lawyers accompanying her to the hospital when she went into labour so that they could get the baby too. She told them that she wanted to keep her baby, and named him

'Hugo'. But somehow the baby got transferred to another hospital and she was told to go home; the baby would stay there.

Maria Dolores went to Rosario Godoy who put pressure on Manzanares to give back the baby and accompanied her to court to stop the adoption of Nelson. During the court case the lawyer's intermediary got very angry, says Maria Dolores. 'She said they would have to return \$20,000 to each of the couples who were to adopt the baby and Nelson. When

I got Hugo back he was bleeding from his nappy. He died eight days later.'

According to Rosario Godoy: 'Those who are involved in the racket are taking advantage of poor women who are often left by irresponsible fathers to shoulder the economic burden of bringing up children alone.'

Godoy has introduced legislation to reform the adoption laws, but with such a wide range of people implicated there is fierce opposition. Meanwhile she continues trying to help mothers get their children back, with some success. Young Mauricio, aged seven was given up for adoption in the US and sent to a fattening house.

'A man called Don Will looked after me,' he relates. 'He was kind but sometimes he came home drunk. Then one day a gringo came to see me. He had colour drawings all the way up his arms and neck. He gave me a toy car and a colouring book and asked me if I'd like him to be my Daddy. I said, No, I'd only go to the US with a couple.'

Mauricio's mother changed her mind about having him adopted after she had spoken to women who had had children adopted and who, contrary to what they had been led to believe, had been unable to see their children since.

Mauricio says the lawyer's intermediary got very angry with him once she realized the adoption wasn't going to go through – and she took away the toy car and the colouring book the gringo had given him. ■



JENNY MATTHEWS / FORMAT

Mary Durran is a freelance journalist based in El Salvador.

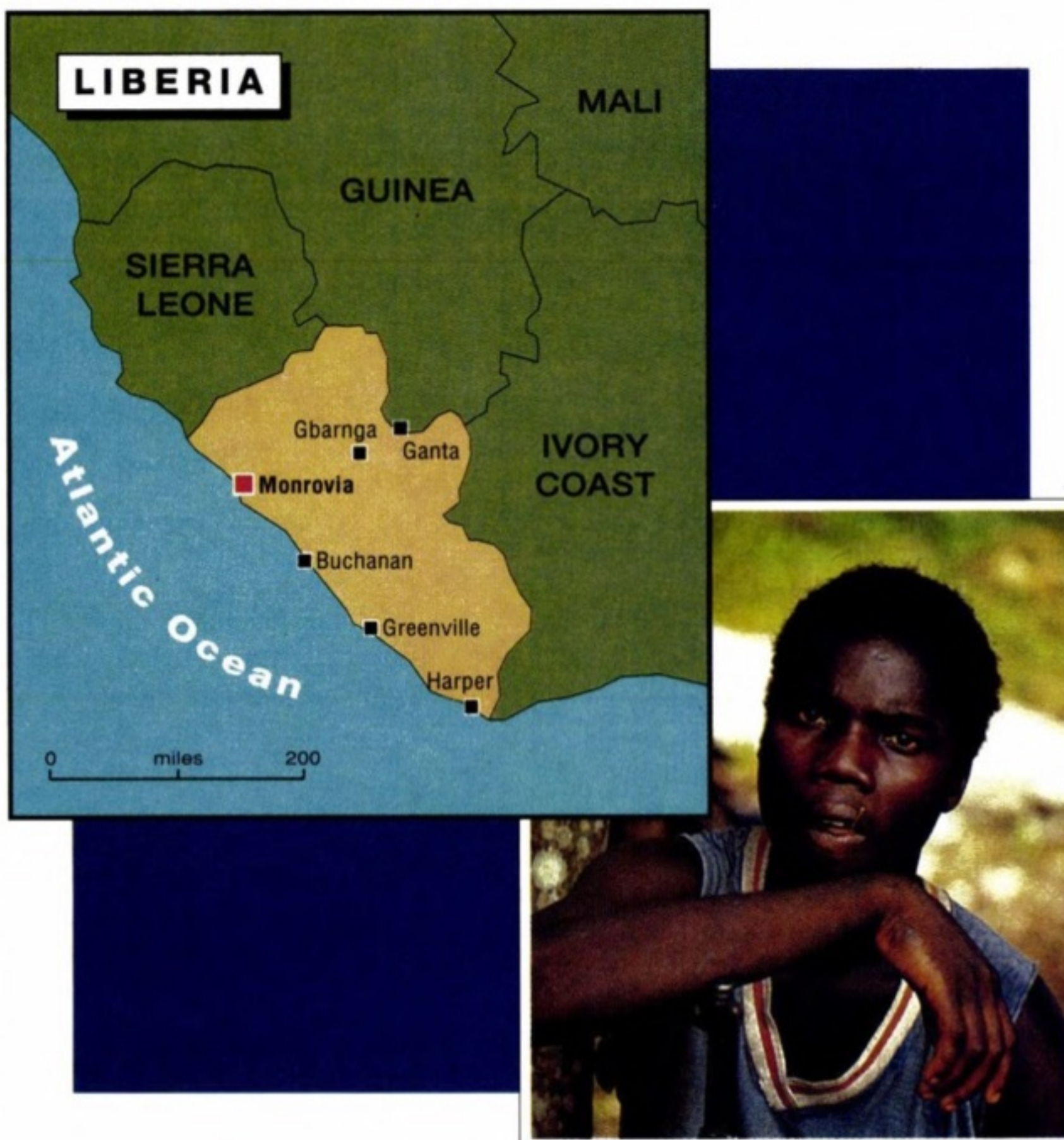
Liberia

LIBERIA today presents an image of anarchy and desolation. The way the country has fallen apart in the past three years is an object lesson in how bad governance can destroy a 150-year-old nation state.

The state of Liberia was created in 1847, although the idea was born in the US in the 1820s. It was a mixture of good intentions (of the anti-slavery lobby) and cynical realism (of plantation owners – the cotton gin had reduced the need for slaves) that encouraged resettlement of freed slaves in West Africa. Monrovia, the capital, was founded in the 1820s, named after the US President Monroe.

The Americo-Liberians, as they came to be called, found themselves playing the role of classic colonizers, going to war against the 'native' peoples to establish themselves and fight for survival. Over the years, however, they came increasingly to mix and intermarry. Monrovia is now a typically multi-ethnic West African city.

The bloody coup which brought Master Sergeant Samuel K Doe to power in April 1980 and ousted the autocratic regime of William Tubman was initially welcomed as a new dawn; the disillusion-



ment was rapid. Doe ruthlessly killed his own colleagues, rigged the first universal suffrage elections and consolidated the power of his own people, the Krahn.

When rebellion started in December 1989 the country rallied to its banner. After the initial clashes and repression in Nimba County there was little

resistance to the rebel advance, until they reached the outskirts of Monrovia. Due in part to the divisions in the rebel ranks there was a stalemate, an anarchic breakdown which led to the intervention by a West African peace-keeping force in August 1990. The ambush of Doe and his subsequent killing in September did nothing to

resolve the situation – rebel leader Charles Taylor seemed to offer more of the same. Liberian democrats, who established the Interim Government under the umbrella of the Economic Community of West African States (ECOWAS: Ivory Coast, Gambia, Nigeria, Burkina Faso and Togo), found they had no sway outside Monrovia.

The stalemate of the past three years has meant there are still thousands of refugees in neighbouring countries as well as displaced persons within Liberia. ECOWAS has been reluctant to go beyond its mandate to monitor a ceasefire. Taylor's rule has survived through his exploitation of diamonds, timber and rubber in the lands under his control, which give him resources to purchase arms. He has also been sustained by Burkina Faso and the neighbouring Ivory Coast. Liberia has become a bone of contention in West African power rivalries. The situation threatens to contaminate the whole sub-region, giving a new and devastating irony to the old Americo-Liberian motto: 'a love of liberty brought us here'.

Kaye Whiteman

AT A glance

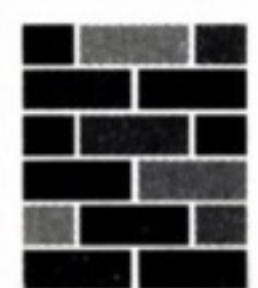
Excellent ★★★★★
Good ★★★★
Fair ★★★
Poor ★★
Appalling ★



INCOME DISTRIBUTION ★★

Previously élite dominated by Americo-Liberians. Now hard to gauge.

1984: ★★



SELF-RELIANCE ★

Even more dependent on US aid and foreign corporations.

1984: ★



POSITION OF WOMEN ★★

Strong tribal roles, active in agriculture; female circumcision widely practised.

1984: ★★★



POLITICS

Civil war



1984



LITERACY ★★

40% literate, schools mainly in cities.

1984: ★★



FREEDOM ★

Restricted by civil war, though interim government tries to maintain freedom in Monrovia.

1984: ★★★



LIFE EXPECTANCY ★★

55 years (US 76 years). Health services inadequate and now deteriorated.

1984: ★★

Leader President Amos Sawyer of the Interim Government of National Unity: controls little outside Monrovia.

Economy GNP per capita of US \$450 (US \$21,790). Figure available is for 1988.

Monetary unit: Before 1985 Liberian dollar was equal to US dollar. Though still the notional official rate, the real exchange is 10 to 1.

Main exports: Iron ore, ships and boats, rubber, diamonds mostly from Taylor-held areas.

People 2.7 million. As many as 600,000 - 800,000 are refugees.

Health Life expectancy 55 years. Infant mortality 131 per 1,000 (US 9 per 1,000).

Culture Before 1990 16 major tribal groups; 93 per cent of population indigenous. Five per cent descendants of American slaves, others include Lebanese and Asians who control commercial sector.

Religion: 75 per cent traditional/animist, 15 per cent Muslim, 10 per cent Christian.

Language: Official language English spoken mostly in cities; 20 African dialects used in rural areas.

Sources: Third World Guide 1993/94; State of the World's Children 1993.

Last profiled in March 1984.

The bite spreads parasitic worms. They breed under your skin and produce hordes of microscopic worms called microfilariae which infest your body for years. You itch, you get skin problems, you become debilitated.

Then the microfilariae invade your eyes. And you slowly become blind.

It's called River Blindness - "the disease at the end of the track". You'll find it in a host of fast-flowing rivers in West and Central Africa. And there you will find most of the victims - the

million or so who have already lost their sight and the seventeen million who have the symptoms and are at risk of blindness; their sight could be saved - quickly and easily.

The price of River Blindness

Consider what happens if you lose your sight in a poor African country. No disability benefit, no regular medical facilities, little prospect of remedial work.

There is just your family living at the harshest subsistence level. You become

a burden on them. You will need to be led from place to place. You can do little to contribute to their welfare.

For this is the particular agony of River Blindness. It takes years to gestate. When blindness strikes, you are likely to be in your thirties or forties. You are likely to be the family breadwinner. Without you, the family will lose their hard-won self-sufficiency and become dependent on the charity of neighbours.

And it is all avoidable.

THE BLACK SIMULIUM FLY

Ivermectin: It works, it's cheap, it's available

Merck, Sharp and Dohme have developed a drug to halt River Blindness. It is a simple-to-take white tablet called ivermectin and it has been thoroughly tested in Africa. It not only prevents blindness but it tackles the painful symptoms as well. There are no serious side effects.

The manufacturers have generously agreed to supply ivermectin free. Sight Savers is committed to distributing it in Nigeria, Ghana, Mali, Uganda and Sierra Leone. We intend to expand the programme to include Guinea and Senegal.

If this sounds easy, it isn't. Sight Savers works worldwide and River Blindness is just one part of our work. So, a distribution programme on this scale will strain our resources to the utmost - we will need all the help we can get.

Then again, you have to allow for the reality of medical work in poor countries. In some of those countries there are village health workers or committees who we can train to distribute ivermectin. In others we are relying on nurses who go from village to village. We shall be very reliant on local people, village chiefs in particular, to guide much of this programme.

And there are transport problems. The dry flatlands of Mali make a 50cc motorcycle a reasonable means of travel; in the hilly, forest regions of Sierra Leone, we'll need a tougher 125cc machine. A lot of ivermectin will be distributed by simple bicycle.

And the programme will go on for years. In each community at risk, ivermectin will have to be distributed annually for at least ten years to break the transmission cycle of the disease. Our aim worldwide is to ensure that,



IT BITES YOU

PLEASE USE MY DONATION QUICKLY

I am enclosing a donation of

☐ £100 ☐ £25 ☐ £10 Other _____

with a cheque/PO made payable to Sight Savers.

OR I prefer to give via my Access/Visa Card No.

Card Expiry Date _____ NW01

Cardholders Signature _____

Name (Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms) _____ Initials _____

Address _____ BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE

_____ Postcode _____

Please send your donation to: Sight Savers, FREEPOST,
Haywards Heath, West Sussex RH16 3ZA

Sight Savers is grateful to the producers of "Blue Peter" for their contribution to this River Blindness Appeal.

within twenty five years, **nobody** will lose their sight through River Blindness.

A massive campaign, then. **But how can we look at that small white pill and at the terrifying statistics of River Blindness and at the harrowing stories of its effects... how can we know all these things and do nothing about it?**

How much can you help us?

The whole world is full of claims on your generosity and the problems of the Third World will never go away in our lifetimes. But our River Blindness campaign is a hard-headed, practical and immediate chance to do something to prevent one evil once and for all.

It may help to think of your donation in very literal terms.

For it takes just £25 to protect twenty five people against River Blindness for a whole year.

£70 buys one of those bicycles for a medical assistant.

And £400 sponsors a training course for health workers.

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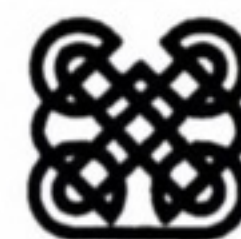
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Foreword by
GLENDA JACKSON
Actress and British MP



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then serve lentil, peach, and cinnamon *empanadas* (turnovers) from Argentina with a cool Caribbean salad of avocado and cucumber.

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